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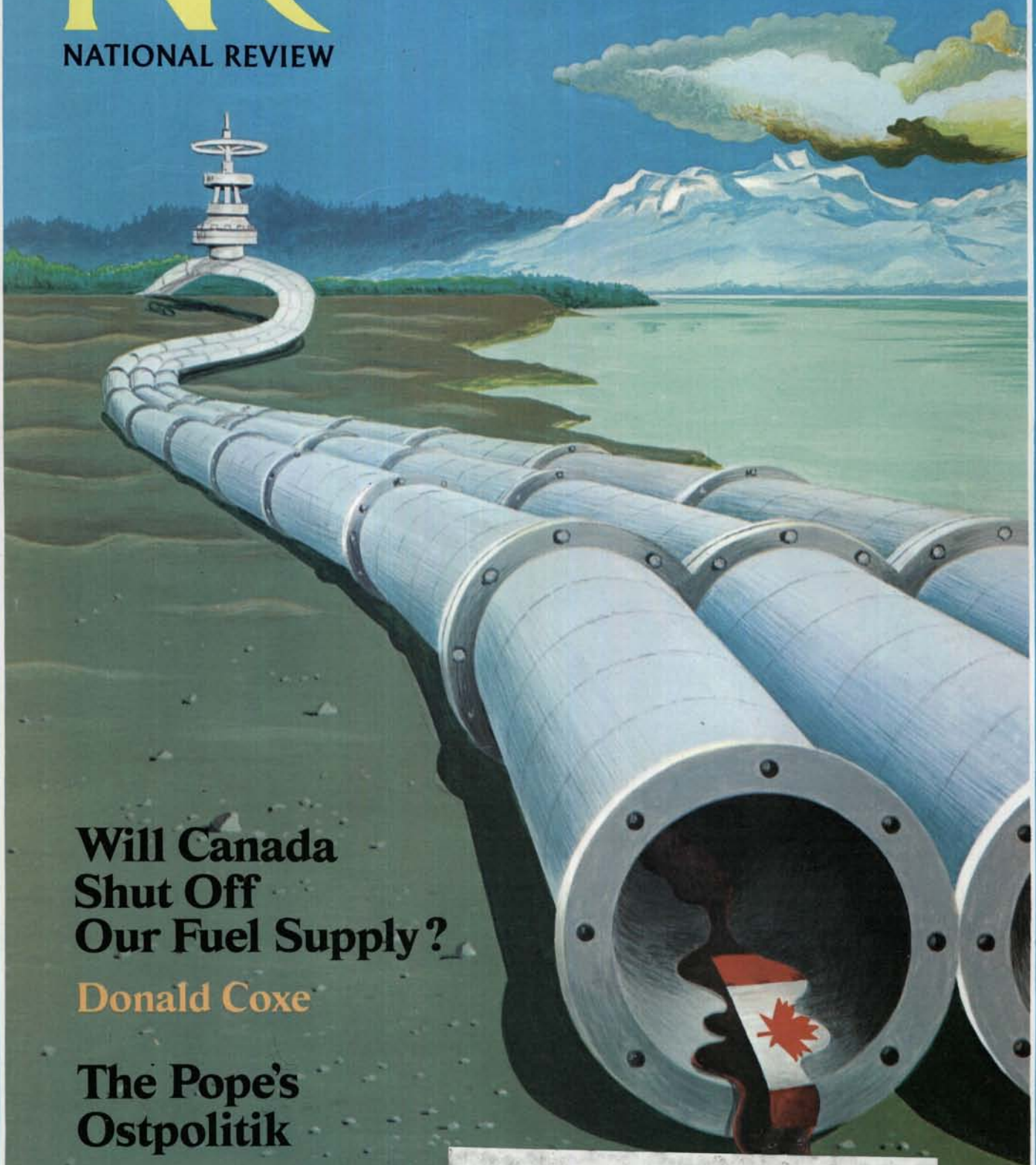
NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

John Simon on Pauline Kael on the Movies



Will Canada Shut Off Our Fuel Supply?

Donald Coxe

The Pope's Ostpolitik

Herve Leclerc

ROY E SMITH
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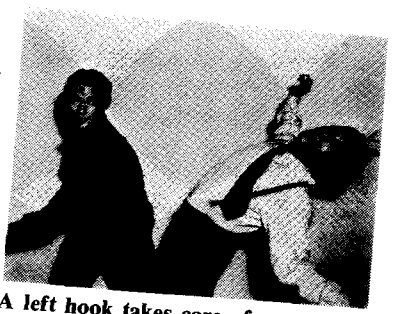
Why is John Wayne still a box-office bonanza when most of his contemporaries are either counting coupons or pushing up daisies? And why does everybody like John Wayne the actor—even those who can't abide John Wayne the man? With dozens of photos and a witty, often hilarious text, George Carpozi shows why the Duke stands taller.

The crown of a great career



A left hook takes care of Randy Scott . . .

. . . but it takes a hard right to dispose of Victor McLaglen

★★

- The Gail Russell episode
- Wayne vs. Columbia chief Harry Cohn (harsh words here!)
- John Ford takes Wayne's part . . . in spite of Hollywood's opinion
- 3 rules for living that John Wayne's father gave him
- The real story behind the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals
- What Duke said—uncensored—about blacklisted actors
- Statistics of "The Alamo," including the $250,000 feed bill (for the humans), and a little matter of 12 million dollars
- Wayne's dry years. $40 in walking-around money
- Wayne's patriotism: sincere?
- Moving up to the big time: $666,666.66 per picture
- Behind the scenes: the legendary Oscar battle for "The Alamo"
- "Why do people like me?" Wayne analyzes his popularity—frankly
- Why did the rapped "Green Berets" become boffo at the box office?

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Letters

Abortion

I cannot remember in months reading an article in *NR* as superb, as right, as necessary as John Noonan's on abortion ["Raw Judicial Power," March 2]. I wish it had existed when I was putting together my little anthology of modern conservative writings (to be released *eventually* . . .). The piece confirms what I had thought on reading his remarks in his own anthology, *Morality of Abortion*. He deserves the highest praise.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

May God be more merciful toward the seven Justices than they have been toward countless unborn beings. Although I personally am unable to pray thus wholeheartedly, the plea of Jesus, whose murder remains the classic example of an innocent slain by judicial expediency, should be our prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Valley Station, Ky. CHARLES W. PAGE

Should you fragment, I can only send my profound sympathies ["The Death of Pluralism?," Feb. 16]. May it be quick and painless.

However, I can offer some information which might remedy or alleviate your philosophical confusion. It's simply that no Catholic or anti-abortion Protestant or Jew will be required to perform or submit to an abortion. The rest of us can accept or reject abortion as necessity and conscience dictate. The secular authority cannot force anyone to conform to another's religious beliefs. I think that's cause for celebration by all conservative pluralists.

West New York, N.J. DAVID DEVORE

Legislation has already been introduced in Wisconsin that would make it illegal for doctors and nurses in accredited hospitals to refuse to assist in abortions. —ED.

The Supreme Court's abortion decision is even grimmer than your editorial "The Death of Pluralism?" suggests. You state that the Court "held that a fetus for the first six months is not a person under the Constitution, and therefore has no legal right to life." In fact, the Court held that the fetus is not a person until it is "born." While the Court acknowledged that after the sixth month of pregnancy an unborn child is normally fully capable of living outside the womb, nonetheless that unborn child has no protection under the Fourteenth Amendment. Thus, simply because the unborn child, viable though he may be, is imprisoned inside his mother, he has no right to life; and if some physician can be found at *any* point before labor begins to decide that the mother's "health" is affected by his existence, the mother, by her sole discretion, may terminate his existence.

SAMUEL SHEPARD JONES JR.
Washington, D.C.

As an advocate of abortion reform, I wonder if NATIONAL REVIEW would mention the following aspect of the abortion issue: The necessity of abortion indicates society's failure to provide individuals with adequate information about contraception and venereal disease. Effective contraception is not available widely enough to prevent pregnancies that women feel must be terminated. If abortion poses a grave moral issue, why not help eliminate its necessity?

Sands Point, N.Y. AMY HART SEILER

Inequality

Ernest van den Haag's "The Tortured Search for the Causes of Inequality" [Feb. 16] seems to have been infected with the extremism he rightly condemns in others. He goes along with Jencks in rejecting the extremist blaming of segregation for all differences in black-white income levels and the extremist blaming of differential expenditure on elementary education for all differences in educational attainment. He rejects Jencks's extremism in proposing egalitarian wage-fixing, which would remove all material incentives for socially useful effort and enterprise.

But in rejecting these extremisms, van den Haag falls into the other extreme of denying that there is any argument at all for economic equality per se—as if all would be well if only everybody had the identical chances of qualifying to become one of a very few billionaires or of being doomed to crushing poverty.

There is a reasonable non-extremist

(Continues on page 343)

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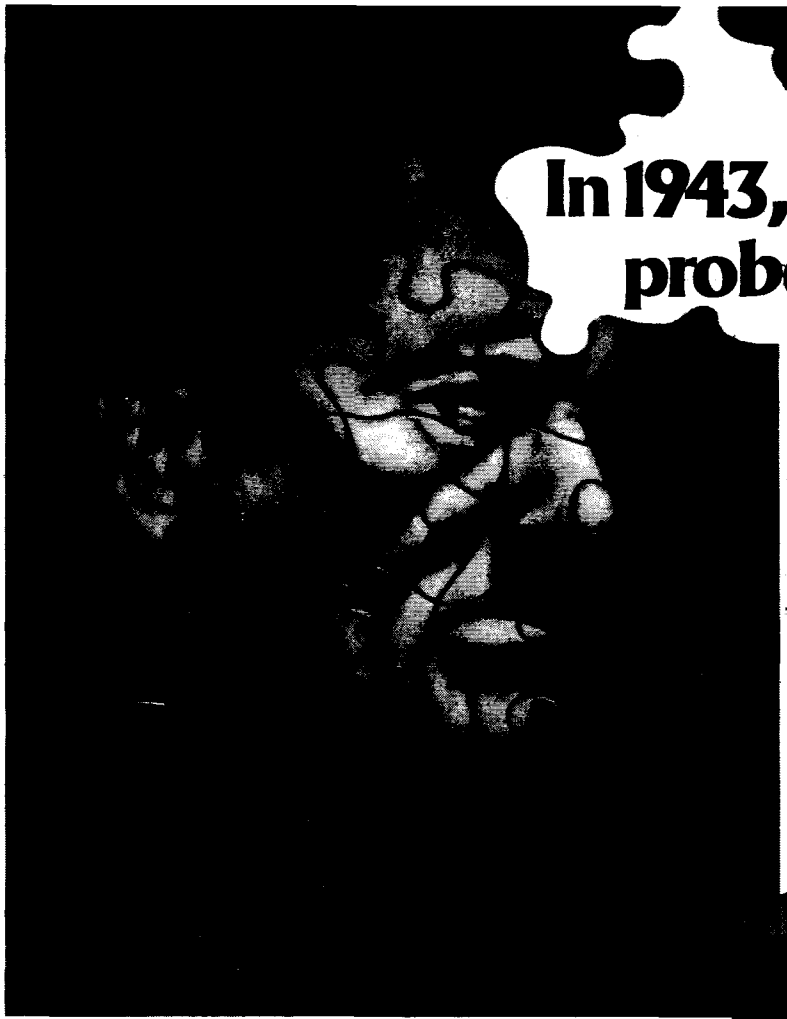

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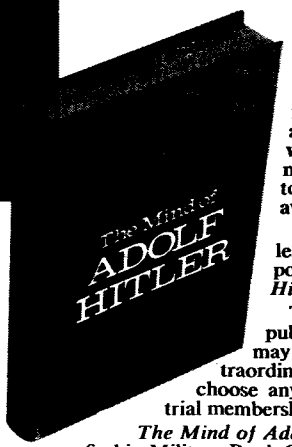
- "Secret fears and anxieties haunt him. He wakes up in the night shaking and screaming. He is afraid to go to sleep."
- "Throughout his life, he showed that he was haunted by the fear that he himself might have 'Jewish blood'."



Could the O.S.S. use "psychological warfare" to break Hitler down? That's what General "Wild Bill" Donovan commissioned psychoanalyst Walter Langer to find out back in 1943. And for six months Langer sifted evidence and conducted interviews with people who had known Hitler—including his nephew. The final report was submitted to top military leaders . . . then locked away in top-secret intelligence files.

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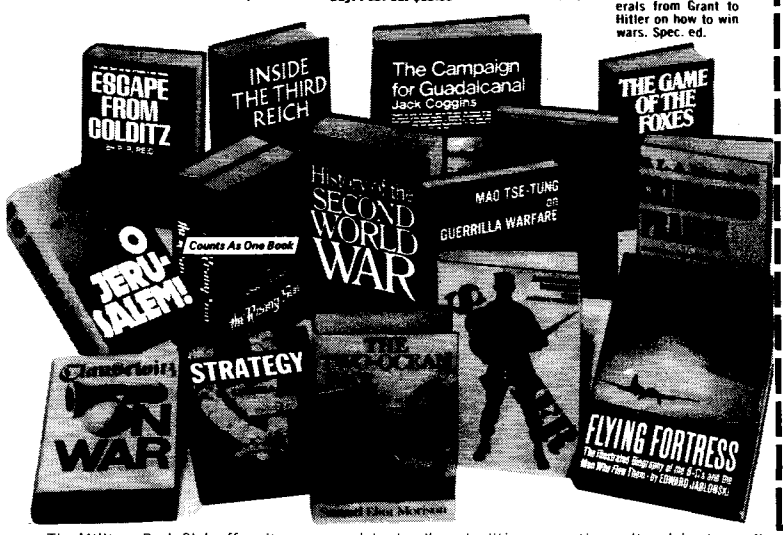

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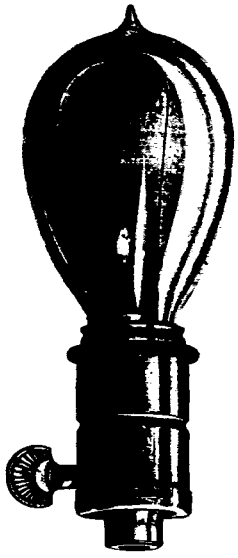

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NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV No. 13 MARCH 30, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Three years ago, a minority of Canadians believed U.S. "economic domination" was bad for Canada; now a two-thirds majority feels that way, and the Left is taking advantage of the drift. Our Good Neighbor to the North is growing grumpy, and may soon tell us to keep out of her yard—which would mean trouble for us, reports **Donald Coxe**, as that's where the energy is, and we need energy. . . . The suspicion lurks that the Vatican, once steadfastly anti-Communist, is softening. So it might seem in short view, says **Hervé Leclerc**, who goes on to suggest that we try to see the Vatican's moves as the Vatican must see world affairs: under the aspect of eternity. . . . Brightness doesn't imply intelligence; rationalism doesn't mean logic; American students don't know how to *think*: **Horace W. Brock** offers an indictment, supplemented by practical suggestions for educational reform. Mr. Brock, who makes his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW this issue, graduated from Harvard in 1967, holds advanced degrees from Harvard and the Harvard Business School, and is working on his doctorate at Princeton. . . . Also appearing here for the first time is **John Simon**, America's sharpest (both senses) critic. Mr. Simon reviews theater for *New York* Magazine, and, for us, the new book by movie-lover Pauline Kael. Not sharp, he reports, not sharp at all. . . . Our columnists are sharp as ever. **James Burnham** remarks the seemingly automatic preference of our liberals for foreign tyrants of leftist stripe, and discovers its source. **George Will** knows what John Connally and Richard Nixon are up to. **William F. Rickenbacker** catches the government red-handed, mucking up the marketplace again. And **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** understands Europe's anti-Americanism.

—CHS

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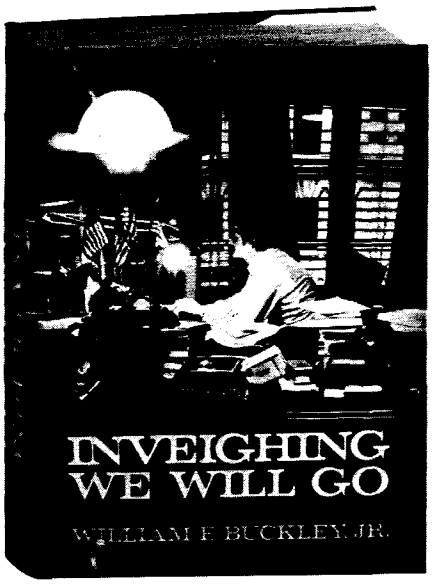

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"William Buckley has few peers at deft retorts, humorous squelches, and incandescent flashes of wit. His latest book, 'Inveighing We Will Go,' a collection culled from his writing over the past three years, is illuminated with the familiar Buckley metaphors that sparkle and dance across each page.
"This book contains a number of interesting and sometimes surprising revelations.
"But the Buckley trademark remains his 'jeweler's eye' (as he once labelled it) for isolating the double standard and transfixing its perpetrators upon his lexical lance.
"This collection abounds with Buckleyesque observations on any number of contemporary problems, from inflation and price controls to ecology and busing to thoughts on censorship and pornography. Woven throughout, as throughout the fabric of so much of his writing, is a rigorous defense of those liberal values that have been so assailed and abused in recent years.
"This collection, then, while it may indeed be useful as a beacon lighting the way to Tory International Airport, is also a vivid commentary on the times from one of our most interesting and quotable social critics."

Minneapolis Tribune:
"The gentleman who'd rather be right than anything has done it again.
"Again we observe the unique Buckley talent for tickling the funnybone as he drives home the stiletto. The man does write sense, fashionable though it may be to denigrate it.
" Most of the pieces are short—short enough to fit in a corner of an editorial page, as most of them did—but don't make the mistake of thinking you can toss them off like a quick martini. Most of them are more in the nature of a full-bodied wine, to be savored and mulled.
"Chairman Bill is still one of the most fascinating, literate minds in operation in the civilized world, and it's always an enriching experience to be permitted to explore it."

C. S. Monitor:
"William F. Buckley, Jr. would rather be writing than be President. And who can blame him? As the most provocative conservative Republican columnist in the United States today, he is his own man.
"In his **Inveighing We Will Go**, he is more instructive during the going and more entertaining during the inveighing. His knowledge of world affairs appears inexhaustible, and his knack for getting down to basics must irritate those who have spent good time and money trying to embellish the obvious."

Indianapolis News:
"Buckley is entertaining, supercilious, erudite, superior, thoughtful, comical and boring. Or, in some of these pieces, all of these.
" Also, he is perceptive, obtuse, snobbish, plain, saddened, happy, and fearing for the future of the republic or deciding it will, as it has for 196 years, continue.
" He is eveything, which he usually is, which is part of the great Buckley put-on, but he is fun to read."

Kansas City Star:
"It is not easy, in some circles (such as some of my classes) to say anything good about Buckley.
"A new collection, with its delightful title, **Inveighing We Will Go**, is pure Buckley. For one who represents himself as a liberal, it is shocking to have to admit that I agree with a remarkable percentage of what Buckley has to say in this book. When I'm not agreeing I'm laughing, or admiring the precision and beauty of the language."

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FOR THE RECORD

■ About aid to North Vietnam: We shouldn't give them "one brick or one dime," says **Joe McCain**, brother of POW Commander John S. McCain III, released last week, until every one of our men missing in action is accounted for. "For the Communists to say they know nothing of more than three-fourths of all the men shot down is ludicrous. They must have a body, a plane part, or something." . . . **Richard Vail**, owner of *The Republican* (100,000 subscribers in California), is placing free job-wanted ads in his classifieds for returning Vietnam veterans. . . . The **IRS** has designated a representative in each of its 58 districts to handle POW tax problems. . . . They may be of help to Navy pilot Lt. **David Rehmann** who says he occupied his mind during his captivity "with the capitalist system—thinking up ways to make money." . . . **John Downey**, returning after twenty years in a Chinese prison, says he won't write a book because "life in a Chinese prison is a crashing bore." . . . **Joseph Rose**, who asked his girl to marry him the night before he left for Vietnam, was married to her in Valley Forge Army Hospital last week—nearly six years later—after five years in a Vietcong jail.

■ The usually well-informed *Gallagher Report* says a group called "**Citizens for Nixon '76**" is planning a $4-million ad campaign for repeal of the 22nd Amendment—that's the one that outlaws a third term for U.S. Presidents. . . . On the political realignment front: Mayor **Frank Rizzo** of Philadelphia hints he'll switch parties and run for governor, as a Republican, against Democrat **Milton Shapp**, in 1974. . . . Liberal Republican **Linwood Holton** of Virginia says he is pleased that former Democrat (and conservative) Gov. **Mills Godwin** will accept the GOP nomination for governor if it is offered him. "The vows," said Holton, "will be taken jointly by the two [Godwin and the GOP] at the ceremony [convention] in June—a June wedding." . . . Republicans have gained one seat in the House: **Don Young** has been elected to replace Democrat **Nick Begich** who disappeared on a flight in Alaska last fall along with Rep. **Hale Boggs** (D., La.). . . . Former Sen. **Gordon Allott**, who lost in November, has been named general counsel to the **ICC**. . . . Fr. **Robert Drinan** (D., Mass.) has already broken his Lenten resolution. "I have given up beating on the Department of Justice for Lent," he said at a committee hearing the other day, "but it is a little strange that only the Department of Justice has spoken out against the shield law [to protect news sources]." . . . Senate Minority Leader **Hugh Scott**, on the growing battle of the budget: "Asking Democrats to hold down spending is like asking an alcoholic to be your bartender."

Associated Newspapers, London Ben Roth

"When I'm on strike I want you to write an essay on responsible behavior in a democracy."

■ "Cold River," those were the code words, say sources in Khartoum, that the **Black Septembrists** received by radio and that meant death for two U.S. and a Belgian diplomat at the Saudi Arabian embassy. Cold River is the Palestinian refugee camp recently raided by Israeli commandos. . . . Libyan backing of Palestinians has cooled relations between Khartoum and Tripoli and now Morocco also is mad at Col. **Qaddafi.** The **Moroccan Interior Ministry** reports that guerrillas trying to topple the monarchy are being trained and armed by Libya. . . . Reports from **Dominican Republic** indicate that leftist rebel leader **Francisco Alberto Caamano Deño** was killed in an armed battle with police recently. Caamano led the revolt in the Dominican Republic in 1965 that triggered a U.S. intervention. He was later sent to London as military attaché in 1966, disappeared in The Hague two years later and was reported by the Left to have been murdered by agents of President **Balaguer.** . . . Another embarrassing disappearance. A young Hungarian soldier on the **Vietnam International Control Commission** slipped away, turned up at the Australian Embassy in Saigon, asked for and was granted asylum by Australia. . . . When **Spain** recognized Peking last week it left **Portugal** as the only major West European nation with ties to Taipei.

■ Hard to believe, but . . . A year from next September's **First World Festival of Women's Liberation** will be held on the Isle of Man. (Oddly enough, the Isle of Man *was* the first political entity anywhere to give equal rights to women.)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 338)

position. A greater equality of income *is* preferable per se because of the general principle of diminishing marginal utility of income—the principle that an extra dollar is in general more useful to a poor man than to a rich man.

Advocacy of complete equality of income and wealth does not follow from this. The level of income and wealth depends on material incentives to effort and enterprise. There are *functional* inequalities that induce people to produce more so that they can have more even while leaving more for others. That is why Jencks's extreme egalitarianism must be rejected. It is possible to distinguish between functional inequalities of income and wealth, which should not be disturbed, and non-functional inequalities, which can be diminished without lowering output and income (or lowering these very little) while increasing over-all welfare.

A great part of our social progress up to now consists of precisely such diminution of non-functional inequalities. (Indeed some of these are referred to in van den Haag's comments on Jencks's exaggeration of the present degree of inequality.)

It is of course true that we have not been very efficient in choosing methods of equalization which concentrate on functional inequalities. But economists have long been working on the development of such efficiency (and with some success) from the Physiocrats over two centuries ago, through Henry George's taxation of land values, to the extension and refinement of "rent" and "surplus" in modern welfare economics. To Jencks's implication that no inequalities are functional, van den Haag responds by implying that all inequalities are functional—a reaction that pushes him into the really "reactionary" position of which economists at large are often falsely accused.

ABBA P. LERNER
Distinguished Professor
of Economics
New York, N.Y. CUNY

Mr. van den Haag Replies

I don't find the opinions in my piece that Professor Lerner finds in it—certainly I did not wish to suggest that all inequalities are economically (let alone morally) justified. Yet abolishing those that are not could not significantly improve the income of the disadvantaged—wherefore the issue seemed immaterial to me. Poverty will have to be relieved by other means.

Moreover, all wholesale attempts to bring about more equality (such as Christopher Jencks's proposals) cause far more damage economically and otherwise than is warranted by the benefits available. I don't think Professor Lerner really disagrees on that, at least I hope he doesn't. Specific proposals about specific inequalities of course must be considered on their

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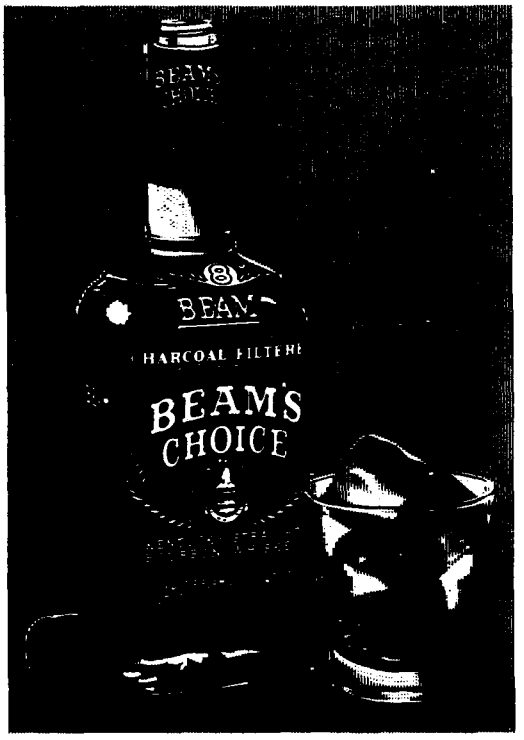

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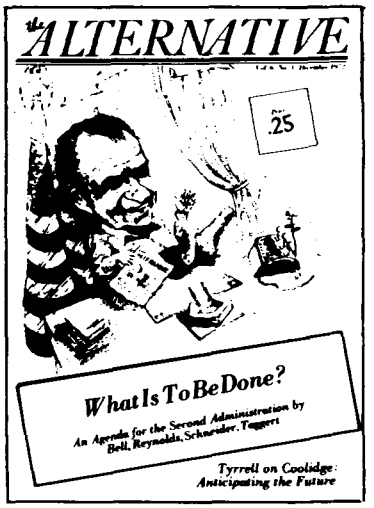
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merits. On these, I think, Professor Lerner and I are likely quite often to agree.

I can only suggest here why I must reject the major argument that Professor Lerner shares with many economists. He feels that "the diminishing marginal utility of income" argues, *ceteris paribus*, for equality. I think it does, but in a very weak way. It is true that the more apples I have, the less I value additional ones. But a) this need not be so for the aggregate of all things. It is not true that the better off I am, the less I value additions to income. Ask any Westport dweller. Nor b) is the matter symmetrical: I.e., decreases of income do not necessarily hurt me less if I have more. (Equalization would involve such decreases.) Above all, c) income does not primarily stand for the aggregate of all things purchased with it. Particularly, high income stands largely for prestige and power, for the ability to command things, which is itself a source of satisfaction beyond, and apart from, the satisfaction yielded by the things commanded. In practical terms, there is no diminishing marginal utility of prestige and power.

There are better arguments for equality than those popular with economists. But I think they are not good enough either.

Besides, the issue of equality must and can be separated from that of relieving morally or economically undeserved poverty.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

$weden's Law

May I protest against W. H. von Dreele's poem, "Palme's Law" [Feb. 2], in which he imputes cowardice to the Swedes as the basis for their recent attacks upon us. He doesn't understand Sweden at all. During World War II, I was in anti-aircraft and had the Bofors Anti-Aircraft Gun. Hitler had the same gun with the added advantage of ball bearings made at Malmö. We, too, eventually were able to purchase the same ball-bearings, although I have always suspected at somewhat higher prices.

Sweden is not afraid of anybody; that is not what they are cross about. They just didn't see any way to make any money out of this war. With apologies to Mr. von Dreele, I have written a poem:

The Swedes who sold the Bofors gun
In World War II to anyone,
To Nazis, Yankees—gosh how funny
Either side, if they had money—
Have worked themselves into a rage
Aghast at history's newest page.
"Immoral war!" you hear them holler,
When Sweden profits not a dollar.

Kansas City, Mo. R. HUGH UHLMANN

Pot: Rebuttals

Let's look at the facts. After minimizing the devastating character of the review of Grinspoon's book in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Mr. Cowan ["Letters," Feb. 16] states the *JAMA* re-

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viewer calls the book "competent medical journalism." The paragraph from which this phrase was taken follows: "Much of the book is composed of indirect quotations from many sources including newspapers and magazines. Articles cited from the scientific literature tend to be largely drawn from older work and some new work has been completely overlooked. Despite the many references which run more than fifty pages in length, the book is not so much a scholarly endeavor as it is a *competent piece of medical journalism.*"

The following successive sentences in the same review are not out of context. "Thus dialectic takes precedence over factual exposition and critical analysis. Dr. Grinspoon conceals his bias well for the first half of the book."

Perhaps someone should explain to Mr. Cowan that scientific medical literature and medical journalism (either competent or incompetent) are two very different things.

Detroit, Mich. JOSEPH L. WHELAN M.D.

If the editors of *NR* can't see the difference between dope and alcohol, and therefore the difference between repealing Prohibition and decriminalizing dope, they would do well to leave off commenting on moral matters ["Letters," Feb. 16].

Alcohol is a good that can be abused. The state therefore has the right to regulate its use and guard against its abuse, but no right to ban it. Most people who take a drink have no intention of reducing themselves to a subhuman condition. They drink because they like the taste, or to be sociable, or to relax. The minority who drink in order to get drunk have no business drinking; but their abuse of a natural good is no justification for denying the majority the proper use of that good.

With dope it is otherwise. The *only* possible motive for taking dope is to get high: to "liberate" man from those moral, intellectual and physical restraints it is his obligation to cultivate, if he would be fully human; in short, to reduce himself to a subhuman state. Taking dope is a form of mutilation, and mutilation is forbidden by the natural law.

If the editors of *NR* are still puzzling over the difference between having a drink and taking dope, it's time they quit drinking.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW *can make all ordinary distinctions and quite a few extraordinary distinctions. There are differences between pot and booze even as there are differences between fiddlesticks and flapdoodle. What taxes the patience is those who go brimstoning about, guided only by the beacon of their unique fidelity to Christian principle.* NR *editors are uniformly opposed to anyone's taking pot, and all but uniformly opposed to sending those who disagree with them to Sing Sing, even if only to prepare for hell's fires.*—ED.

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THE WEEK

■ "Land grabbing!" say the Hopi Indians. They speak of years of "broken treaties," of "terror tactics" by outsiders who "have burned Hopi homes, emptied desert water tanks, and killed Hopi livestock." The baddies are —the Navajo! Seems this Hopi reservation in Arizona is smack in the middle of a Navajo reservation, and there's an age-old dispute over the borders. The Navajo dismiss the Hopi charges as nonsense. "In days long ago by," a Navajo spokesman says, "Navajos may have conducted raids into the Hopi area, as they did to us. But that, as I say, was long ago." *Long ago, perhaps, to "spokesmen," "spokesmen" to the Eastern papers, papers by the Big-Sea-Water—but the Indian changes slowly, changes slowly from the old ways; old ways very well remembered, days when happy Indians slaughtered other Indians with abandon, slaughtered them for generations, long before the white man's coming, long before the Great White Father.*

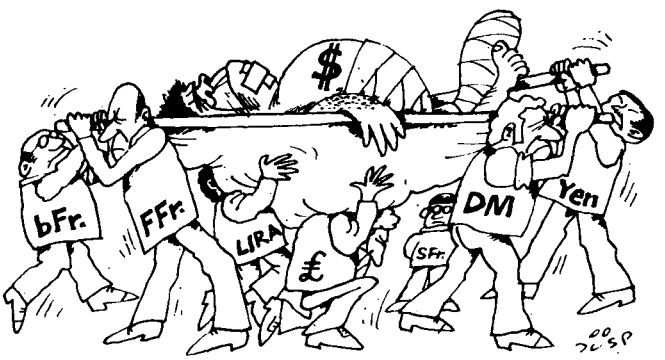
■ After the President's State of the Union message, the *New York Times* deplored his proposals for domestic spending, especially as regards "social programs"; what it amounts to, deplored the *Times*, is "a reversion to the do-nothing Federal Government and every-man-for-himself ideology of the Hoover era," back when, it will be recalled, life in America was solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short. Which prompted reader Paul Manheim to observe: "I see from the budget figures, which the *Times* commendably also published, that the total of such expenditures amounted to $100 billion last year, that they are being cut back to $109 billion this year, and that Nixon now proposes they be cut back further next year to $122 billion. If such cutbacks continue, it won't be long before they are down to $200 billion."

■ The special interests had barely recovered from the shock of Nixon's proposal to hold the increase in federal spending to 8 per cent—downright stingy by recent standards. Now, Governor Reagan has upstaged the President by proposing not only to hold the line on state income taxes, but to slash them by 10 per cent permanently. He demands a postponement of a scheduled 1973 sales tax increase, and wants to put a constitutional amendment on the ballot that would put a ceiling on the state's share of the people's income at 7 per cent (now 8.5 per cent). "Before 1930," Governor Reagan pointed out, "federal, state, and local governments were taking 15 cents out of every dollar you earned. By 1950 it was 30 cents. Today government's share of every dollar you earn is more than 43 cents. Obviously freedom itself is in danger if we continue this rate of increase." A little competition among politicians to see who can unload the welfare state most quickly is a wholesome sight. And winning that might prove the best of training for 1976 presidential candidates come to think of it.

■ Betty Friedan, the big daddy of the women's liberation movement, recently assailed those of her progeny who were "proselytizing for lesbianism." She called them "disrupters" who could destroy the feminist movement by creating a "sexual red herring that would divide the movement and lead ultimately to sexual McCarthyism." A few days later, some ladies in the movement responded to Mrs. Friedan in what, they insisted, was not to be "construed as a personal attack." They called her severely myopic, a disgrace to any movement, a conjurer of phantoms, a lesbian-phobe, a dyke-baiter, and, inevitably, the Josephine McCarthy of women's lib.

■ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now: The alligator is no longer in danger. To be sure, he remains on the Interior Department's "endangered species" list, and you risk a year in jail if you produce, sell, or buy an alligator handbag or shoe. But last year in one part of Louisiana the reptiles became so numerous that local officials permitted a "harvest." Outrage—with no recognition of the fact that only the income from sale of alligator hides allows some landowners to keep their wetlands wet, to the obvious benefit of the alligators they leave alone, birds, and other swamp creatures. The save-the-alligator forces are adamant; so are the alligators, who are breeding like alligators. Some estimates put the Florida alligator population at 250,000, an increase of 50 per cent over the past four years, and a number quite sufficient to devour Key Biscayne.

■ In 1955 the Bulgarian air force shot down an El Al civilian transport that had strayed off course into Bulgarian air space. The subsequent protest of the Israeli government declared that this act showed "wanton disregard for human life and for elementary obligations of humanity."



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Lame Giant

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray, President Nixon's choice to become permanent director, may be remembered as the wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time. His partisan political activities before and after becoming Acting Director have made Democrats—and some Republicans—uneasy. Suspicion of the FBI is at an all-time high in Washington. The Berrigan fiasco, with its bumbling informers; the burglary at the Media, Pennsylvania FBI offices, charges that the FBI investigation of Watergate was not a model of industriousness and due process—these are just some of the things feeding the suspicion. Some of the suspicion regarding Watergate has been confirmed by the testimony of Gray, who admits that FBI information on the investigation was turned over to John Dean, counsel to the President. Gray's Senate testimony also has confirmed what the White House has been vigorously denying for more than half a year: Dwight Chapin, the President's appointments secretary during the first term, was involved (along with Herbert Kalmbach, the President's lawyer) in hiring Donald Segretti to conduct espionage and sabotage operations against Democratic campaigns. When the *Washington Post* reported this, Chapin charged that the story was "fundamentally inaccurate."

In short, Gray seems open to the charge that he has compromised the integrity of the FBI in order to protect a law-and-order Administration from the consequences of breaking the law. All this is coming to a head just as news breaks about yet another suitcase of cash (this one with $200,000 in hundred-dollar bills) that made its way to the office safe of former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, the Nixon campaign moneyman. This suitcase (carried by the head of the Nixon campaign in New Jersey) arrived three days after the deadline for receiving unreported contributions, but the Nixon men decided not to report it, and it is easy to see why. The cash was from Robert Vesco, described in the current *Fortune* Magazine as "the man who plotted one of history's biggest securities frauds." The Securities and Exchange Commission has been investigating the case. Prior to his contribution Vesco had been unsuccessful in his attempt to get a meeting with high SEC officials. Less than two hours after the cash arrived, Attorney General John Mitchell told the New Jersey suitcase-carrier that Vesco could have a meeting with William J. Casey, then SEC Chairman. The Re-elect Committee returned Vesco's contribution January 31.

■ Notes from the ever more closely related environmental, economic, and energy fronts: In his address on resources and the environment, Mr. Nixon declared that "America is well on the way to winning the war against environmental degradation, well on the way to making our peace with nature." But he also indicated that the energy crisis is more pressing than any environmental crisis. That same day he sent Congress a strip-mining bill that is less restrictive than the one that died in the Senate last year. Coal interests have quietly enjoyed this winter's fuel oil shortages and the increase in the balance-of-payments problems that result from increased oil imports. They argue that vast deposits of coal in the West should be strip-mined, but that any tough environmental restrictions may make coal-mine operators "an endangered species." Environmentalists oppose the Administration's bill because operators "will move first on the land that is most ecologically fragile and least capable of reclamation, because that's what the bill would let them do. They know that later, if there is a good law, they could not do it." If the nation is going to rely more on coal, clean air requirements may have to be relaxed also. . . . A court decision blocked the government from issuing permits for construction of the Alaskan oil pipeline because the width of the right-of-way the pipeline requires (146 feet) exceeds the maximum (54 feet) allowed by a 53-year-old law. Senator Henry M. Jackson, who doubles as Chairman of the Interior Committee and the Senate's leading expert on national security, says that the spring of 1974 must be the target date for getting started on extraction of Alaska's North Slope oil, even if that means bringing the oil south in a pipeline running through Canada to the American Middle West (see "Will Canada Shut Off Our Fuel Supply," p. 359). . . . Lee A. Iacocca, President of the Ford Motor Co. (which recently was fined for cheating on the emission-control tests required by the Environmental Protection Agency), says the auto industry "has been backed to the cliff edge of desperation" by the stringent requirements of the 1970 Clean Air Act. Unless the requirements are eased, he said, there may be a "complete shutdown" of the industry. . . . Meanwhile the Interstate Commerce Commission voted 9 to 1 against allowing small truck firms to carry goods directly between two points without having to pass through "gateway" cities. The ICC ruled that granting the request "would cause an imbalance in the existing competitive structure throughout the transportation industry." The small carriers said the less restrictive regulations would not only improve service but also would save millions of gallons of fuel annually by eliminating circuitous routes.

■ Several tobacco companies have "voluntarily"—which is to say, taken a brisk skip and a short jump ahead of legislation—abandoned television advertising for the "little cigars" that look, smell, and probably cause cancer just like cigarettes. The Internal Revenue Service originally decided that, for tax purposes, the thing in the mouth of "the Winchester man" is a cigarette. Later IRS reversed itself and said it is a little cigar. Senator Frank Moss (D., Utah), a Mormon, probably will get Congress to translate his antitobacco passion into a law extending the television advertising ban to all such cigars, and, someday, to those fellows whose pipes bite them until they switch to Prince Albert tobacco. —CATO

■ January 1973: Nixon announces "peace with honor" in Vietnam. February 1973: Nixon claims "victory" in battle to save the environment. March 1973: Nixon says "crisis has passed" in our cities. April 1973: Nixon declares inflation "at an end." May 1973: Nixon discloses pornography "on the decline." June 1973: Nixon reveals "sure cure" for hiccups. July 1973 . . .

■ When it came down to a choice between, as Pompidou phrased it, "Marxist Communism and its assured allies, and all the others," French voters decided that they weren't, after all, *that* unhappy with the status quo, and returned the Gaullist coalition to power. They still managed to make their displeasure known, however (the Gaullists lost 111 seats, retaining only a twenty-seat

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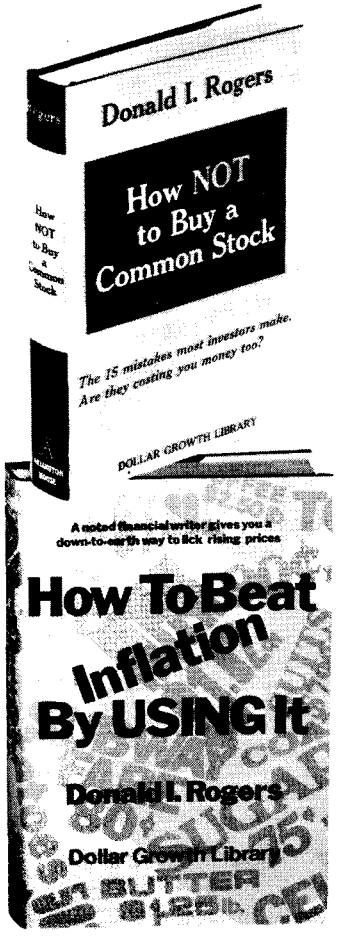
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majority), so there will undoubtedly be some changes made. The coalition could govern with its present majority, but life would be much easier if Pompidou brought a centrist or two into the cabinet. Jean Lecanuet, who spent the week between elections arranging deals between his party and the Gaullists in order to prevent a leftist victory, would probably accept a cabinet position; Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, whose main goal was to remove the Gaullists from power, probably would not, and doubtless would not be asked. Meanwhile, there were a few surprises in specific races. Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann (a prime mover behind the EEC) lost his seat; former Foreign and Prime Minister Maurice Couve de Murville regained his; and *NR* contributor Jacques Soustelle, who went into exile after the Algerian war, has staged a successful comeback.

■ Communist China is readying its entry into the international air transport market. The Boeing 707s that it ordered last year are on the production line, and several months ago 14 Chinese identified as staff members of the Civil Aviation Administration of China settled down in Seattle with the stated mission of overseeing construction. This month a group of Chinese electronic technicians showed up for enrollment in the Boeing Training Facility. Flight crews will arrive this spring for groundschool training. How many of the visitors are moonlighting for agencies other than CAAC is not on record.

■ The only recent election in which the voters have acted decisively is in Argentina and there they may very well have made the worst possible choice. But there was no ambiguity in their decision. They voted 49 per cent for Hector J. Campora, a rather colorless dentist who was Juan Peron's stand-in in the election. The next highest candidate got only 21 per cent, and the conservative parties that supported the military clique that has been in power since 1955, only 5 per cent. What comes next? The junta says it will abide by the wishes of the people and that Campora will be inaugurated President on May 25. Campora himself campaigned on a generally leftist platform: recognition of Cuba, North Vietnam, and North Korea; nationalization of the major industries that escaped that fate during Peron's first regime; government control of the import-export trade; raises all around (Argentina's trade unions have always been the basis of Peron's power); and the pious hope that inflation (65 per cent last year) will go away. That Campora will go ahead with that program seems certain. The big unsettled question is how Peron himself—now 77 years old, in exile for the last 17 years—will fit into the picture. Will Campora—now that he has won—settle for being Charlie McCarthy to Peron's aged Edgar Bergen? Is Peron capable, physically, mentally, and emotionally, of taking back the reins of government? Does he really want to? (P.S. Isn't Campora the first dentist to become a chief of state or head of government?)

■ Chile's no-win, no-show parliamentary elections leave things exactly where they were with maybe a slight edge for the Allende forces. The opposition won 54.7 per cent of the vote, but didn't get the two-thirds senate majority it sought. The Marxists received 43.4 per cent, a seven-point increase from 1970, but failed to put a dent in the opposition-controlled congress. The banning of literacy requirements and the reduction of the voting age to 18 helped Allende enormously, while the opposition, attempting to fuse two old antagonists, Eduardo Frei's left-center Christian Democrats and the right-wing Nationalists, could not muster the anti-Allende "plebiscite" it had unrealistically predicted. The stalemate leaves Chile crippled by inflation (163 per cent last year), with its industrial production stagnant, with a president, hamstrung in congress, fighting the extremists in his own camp and the obduracy of a discontented and divided electorate. The opposition is left to mend its fences for 1976 which, bar revolution or military takeover, will be the next and probably last chance to restore democracy to Chile.

■ Terrorist rundown. *London:* The IRA bombings seemed to conform less to the pattern of current New Left violence in Northern Ireland, more to the fifty-year tradition of IRA attacks on targets in Britain (which, historically, have been the IRA's least effective tactic). Even the weapons used (gelignite bombs in parked vehicles) were a return to tradition. The bombings were politically ineffectual: Business went on as usual in England, as did the talks between Prime Minister Heath and Taoiseach-elect Liam Cosgrave. *Khartoum:* The raid on the Saudi Arabian embassy and the death of three diplomats was actively counterproductive. The Black Septembrists failed to effect the release of Arab and Palestinian prisoners. They themselves are in the jug and the violent incident has given a number of Arab governments a weapon they have been looking for to use

Collecting Pattern Glass

Sometimes I sip my Scotch from *Garfield Drape*;
At other moments, *Loop and Moose Eye* wins.
It's fun to guzzle from a glass whose shape
Was molded with the nation's origins.
Some patterns recapitulate our sins—
I'm thinking of the lovely *Westward, Ho.*
Some, when a new utility begins,
Record the day, like *Cable*, long ago.
My pattern glass is my portfolio:
The prices bubble upward every day.
(*Excelsior*'s for people in the know,
Since buying quality will always pay.)
For nascent hippies, pattern-glass collecting
Can fortify a fellow from defecting.

W. H. VON DREELE

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We Knew Them When

"America needs strong government; it needs strong leadership to attain strong government; only the President, granted its characteristics, can provide it with the leadership it requires. . . . The President of the United States must be given the power commensurate to the function he has to perform. . . . Great power alone makes great leadership possible; it provides the unique chance of restoring America to its people."

(Harold Laski, 1940)

"Only the President, because he is the Chief Executive, is in a position to know all the facts. Only the President and his advisers are in a position to weigh all the facts. Therefore, the President alone can lead the country."

(Walter Lippmann, 1941)

"It is clear that the power of the President has grown in response to popular demand. Presidents have aggrandized power not because they were ambitious but because power had to be exercised and the President was the natural and effective instrument for its exercise. . . . Without exception, periods of democratic advance have coincided with periods of executive power. . . . No strong Executive has yet impaired the fundamentals of our constitutional system or of our democracy. American liberties, American democracy, what we call the American way of life, have not only survived the growth of presidential power but have, in the past, flourished under it. Is there any reason to believe that democracy cannot survive the present crisis?"

(Henry Steele Commager, 1941)

"If we are going to guard against hypothetical dangers, against constitutional powers that are subject to abuse, why bother with anything as carefully circumscribed as the treaty-making power? Why not start with the powers of Congress itself? . . . In fact the Executive never has made a treaty that has been held to conflict with the Constitution. This, it is relevant to observe, is a much better record than Congress can show. . . . The executive agreement has been a useful and even necessary device from almost the beginning of our history."

(Henry Steele Commager, 1953)

"Our enemy is not the President of the United States, whether the incumbent, his successor to come, or his predecessors. . . . The Constitution charges the President with the duty of conducting our foreign relations by and with the advice of the Senate. It makes him the leading actor; not a spectator and a mere witness."

(Senator J. William Fulbright, 1954)

"No American can contemplate the Presidency today without a feeling of solemnity and humility. . . . Perhaps the most rewarding way to grasp the significance of this great office is to consider it as a focus of democratic leadership. . . . The President is the American people's one authentic trumpet. . . . The relentless progress of this continental Republic has made the Presidency the one truly national political institution. . . . The more Congress becomes, in Burke's phrase, 'a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency,' the more the Presidency must become a clear beacon of national purpose. . . . It is, finally, an office of freedom. The Presidency is a standing reproach to those petty doctrinaires who insist that executive power is inherently undemocratic. . . . It is no less a reproach to those easy generalizers who think that Lord Acton had the very last word on the corrupting effects of power. . . . The vast power of this office has not been 'poison,' as Henry Adams wrote in scorn; rather, it has elevated often and corrupted never."

(Clinton Rossiter, 1956)

"The President is hobbled in his task of leading the American people to consensus and concerted action by the restrictions of power imposed upon him by a constitutional system designed for an eighteenth-century agrarian society far removed from the centers of world power. It is imperative that we break out of the intellectual confines of cherished and traditional beliefs. . . . [The President] alone among elected officials can rise above parochialism and private pressures."

(Senator J. William Fulbright, 1961)

"Presidential government, far from being a threat to American democracy, has become the major single institution sustaining it—a bulwark of individual liberty, and agency of popular representation, and a magnet for political talent and leadership. . . . In presidential government Americans have established one of the most powerful political institutions in the free world. They have fashioned, sometimes unwittingly, a weapon that has served them well in the long struggle for freedom and equality at home and in the search for stable and democratic politics abroad."

(James MacGregor Burns, 1965)

against Al Fatah and its even more violent allies. *Bermuda:* The senseless slaying of the governor and his aide was probably committed by the nationalist Black Berets, possibly by an international drug ring; it's the second political murder on the island in six months; and it is apt to influence the tourist trade rather more than Her Majesty's Government. And six men are dead.

■ Mike Kekich and Fritz Peterson of the New York Yankees have, with much publicity, swapped wives. Ex-

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cept that now Kekich and Mrs. Peterson have broken up, even before the legal divorces are consummated; which circumstance has disturbed the blissful symmetry of the whole thing. (Kekich is quoted as saying "I'd like to kill him," though without specifying who "him" is.) Four children are involved, and there have been expressions of embarrassment about that; but Jim Bouton, Mickey Mantle's Boswell-cum-Social-Conscience, has managed to remain open-minded: "We learn about real life and learn from the honesty and courage of these guys." The sort of thing Grantland Rice might have said of Lou Gehrig.

■ A number of pieces of legislation pending before the Indiana House of Representatives were delayed last month when somebody wandered through the House chamber and stole all the bills off the legislators' desks. Hmmm.

■ And who do you think the federal marshals found when they arrived at Wounded Knee, sitting on the ground by the embers of a dying fire, cross-legged, his long wild hair flowing around his shoulders, but the famous warrior Big Chief William Buttinsky Kunstler Himself, summoned by smoke signal to bring his scalping knife and have another go at the Great White Father in Washington? How!—about that.

Peking-Washington Rationale

The extraordinary transformations of the past two years, commencing almost ludicrously with "ping-pong diplomacy," but going on to include President Nixon's visit to Peking, the expulsion of Taiwan from the UN, the "tilt" against India in the Pakistan war, and now the de facto exchange of diplomatic recognition between Washington and Peking, did not result from some wishful brain-wave of Nixon or Kissinger. And, though the contrary has been gleefully claimed and morosely lamented, this entire development is hardly "liberal" in any ideological sense.

Around 1969, it became clear to Peking that a massive Soviet military buildup was taking place on the Siberian border and that it was potentially offensive in character. This meant to Peking that the most immediate threat to its security had become the Soviet Union, and that, under these circumstances, a certain community of mutual interest with Washington had come into being.

In an important article in the *New York Times Magazine* (March 11), Joseph Alsop, who has recently returned from China, where he had extensive discussions with Chou and other high officials, sheds more light on what has been known in general terms in Washington circles for some time.

During the first year of the Nixon Administration, the Soviets, by various indirect means, sounded out the U.S. attitude toward a preventive attack on Chinese nuclear facilities. The Kremlin knew that President Kennedy had seriously weighed the possibility of such a strike by the U.S. Nixon, however, turned the Kremlin down, presumably on the reasoning that it was not in the U.S. interest to insure, by such an operation, permanent Soviet supremacy within the Communist world.

Since 1969, nevertheless, the Soviets have gone ahead with their Siberian buildup. "By now, therefore," writes Alsop, "the Soviets have many hundreds of thousands of soldiers along the frontier, they have great numbers of aircraft on the newly constructed jet airfields there; great quantities of armor, mechanized equipment, and artillery of all types; huge supply dumps to sustain prolonged operations; and large numbers of heavy but mobile 'Scaleboard' nuclear missiles, which have the range and power to take out any target connected with the Chinese nuclear program, except for missiles in well-hardened sites."

In the opinion of the Chinese officials as it was stated to Alsop, the Kremlin will soon face the decision whether to use this power to destroy the Chinese nuclear capacity and cope with the resulting Chinese counter-attack on the ground. The Kremlin will have to confront this decision when Chinese nuclear progress reaches the point of producing long-range missiles capable of reaching the Soviet European heartland. After that such a strike would be too risky. The silos for such missiles are already being prepared.

"Nixon and his inner circle of advisers," writes Alsop, "consider that a strong community of Chinese and American interests has been created by the Soviet danger. On both sides, therefore, the immediate aim is to 'get round the corner'—which is how the American policymakers now describe the moment when the growth of China's nuclear power will require a 'Go' or 'No-Go' decision by the Kremlin. On both sides, the long-term aim is an entirely novel world-power system, largely built upon a new, more stable triangular relationship between the three giants, the USSR, China, and the United States."

Given this analysis, and the attempt to foster this emerging configuration, lesser matters—such as U.S. relations with India, Taiwan, etc.—have necessarily been altered by the larger design.

Wounded Knee Fiasco

The Indians' scenario at Wounded Knee might have been drafted by Mark Rudd—a Sixties happening in Wild West decor, bad guerrilla theater reminiscent of Morningside Heights or Sproul Plaza. We had, naturally, seizures of buildings, non-negotiable demands, demands for amnesty for the law-breakers, William Kunstler and Ralph Abernathy rushing in from the wings like vampires to a blood-bank, Tom Wicker wringing his columnar hands, TV coverage "in depth," clenched fists, even war paint

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and savage ceremonies dredged up for the occasion. To cap it all off, the Indian militants "seceded" from the United States and called for UN recognition. *Echt kitsch.*

But, still, those were real rifles, real AK 47 automatic weapons and Molotov cocktails being bandied about, real bullets flying through the air, real wounds and property damage. And, as in the occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs last fall, the Wounded Knee caper is, in fact, paying off. The government is "negotiating," as if the toughs from the American Indian Movement really represented something or someone. Some demands are being met. The political clout of radical militant Russell Means has been enhanced, this last being, very likely, the real goal of the entire affair. By its soft-headed approach, the government has merely guaranteed future violence and insurrection. The Nixon Administration always speaks loudly of law and order, but at Wounded Knee it carried a very small stick.

Which Shield Is Your Shield?

Many reporters, publishers, and TV executives want a shield that will hide the sources that feed them classified documents and juicy tidbits from inside the governmental apparatus. President Nixon wants a shield to hide his Administration's role in the Watergate case and the campaign financial finaglings. The media men translate their wish into hymns to the First Amendment. The President's messengers present learned ex parte abstracts on the nature of executive privilege. The one common denominator is the fact that neither media nor Executive is anxious that we ordinary citizens should know too much about how they go about their business. The primary function of both shields would be to shut off our line of sight.

Of the two warriors, Achilles Nixon has the better chance of getting a shield that will serve his purpose (though Achilles had also his heel that in the end undid him). Congress is afraid of him, and will back away from a decisive confrontation. In any case, the conduct of the Executive and his relation to Congress and the citizens has always been a matter more of mutual understanding and respect, of a sense of the implicit obligations of our sort of republican government, and of a continuing and accumulating tradition, than of the explicit language of laws or Constitution. If Richard Nixon is determined to break out of that traditional mold, he can be pulled back only by means stronger than Congress or the courts are presently ready to use, or public opinion to endorse.

The media's demand is going to be rejected. The critics of an "absolute shield" for reporters are convincing in pointing out that there is no objective way to determine who is and who is not a reporter. Anybody from Walter Cronkite to the furthest-out hippie or Black Panther scribbling graffiti on subway walls could claim an unconditional privilege to clam up. And it is obvious to most reasonable persons who think about the problem that occasions could arise in which a reporter's testimony concerning his investigations or sources could be essential to justice or the nation's security. Actually, such occasions are rare, and this whole business of the reportorial privilege is being much overblown at the moment. An absolute rule is surely out of order. The issue will be best determined in the future as it has been, on the whole fairly well, in the past: by the intelligence and common sense of the judicial system acting under the aegis of the First Amendment.

Come on in, the Floating's Fine

Although the official obituary has not been published, the international banking set knows that the monetary system devised at Bretton Woods in 1944 is dead and waiting to be buried. It suffered a mortal wound when President Nixon closed the Treasury's gold window in the summer of 1971; it weakened rapidly as this and that nation—including Canada, Britain, Ireland, Japan, Italy, and even Switzerland—untied the currencies from the pegs and let them take to the water; it drew its last breath on March 12, when the strong-currency Common Market nations linked themselves together and pushed off on a joint float, while Britain, Ireland, and Italy continued floating on their own.

Of the dead, in this case, we may speak much good. Under the fixed-parity dollar-exchange Bretton Woods system, the trade of the free world blossomed and flourished. If it was a straitjacket, the garment was well tailored for the postwar economic frame. But change comes to all organisms, the global polity among them, and the changed conditions and relations of the international market outgrew the ability of the jacket to adapt. The cloth burst at one and another seam; and burst, usually, with a powerful bang because the attempt of the central bankers to maintain an officially defined parity rate after that rate, no longer corresponding to monetary facts and movements, had become a magnet to volatile money. Exchange adjustments were escalated into crisis instead of being handled as routine and expected shifts in relative market values.

Meanwhile the line along which not a "solution"—because these great global problems do not admit solutions—but a reasonably effective reform can be found was being demonstrated in practical experience, in spite of the axioms of the central bankers. When a nation's monetary difficulties became intolerable, it relaxed and floated for a while or even, like Canada, for year after year, to straighten things out a bit. And lo and behold, nothing terrible happened. Canada's economy and trade went right along, and everyone adjusted to a Canadian dollar that moved around as demand for it altered, but, to the surprise of many, did not move so very much.

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Central bankers and most of the governments they serve do not like a floating currency because it diminishes the governments' ability to control the monetary and fiscal operations of their domestic economies according to their desires. Some businesses in international commerce object on the ground that the "uncertainty" of floating exchange values introduces a risk that may handicap international trade. From a national point of view there is perhaps some merit in the central bankers' point—though there is something to be said, too, for the beneficial long-term effect of "the discipline of the market" even on international monetary affairs. As for the traders' complaint, it is hard to see how floating currencies could be any more troublesome or risky than the pseudo-fixed rates and recurrent crises into which the Bretton Woods system had degenerated. Hedging of global commodities is a well-known art that can apply to money like any other commodity. After all, what do we pay international bankers for?

Because of the objections and difficulties, real and imagined, we are not likely to have "clean" floating—i.e., floating determined by market conditions without central bank intervention—in the foreseeable time ahead. But it is also clear by now that the international money men, whatever they say in public, have given up the idea of exchange parities stabilized for lengthy periods within narrow limits. Exchange rates are going to move more easily and more often in response to market realities, and it seems possible that a growing number of currencies will follow the Canadian example of a fairly relaxed float. The only people likely to be hurt much by the floating are the international speculators who, under the crumbling Bretton Woods framework, have been betting on sure things.

Jerusalem

Fingers crossed over the shaky settlement in Vietnam, the Nixon Administration has been gazing with guarded optimism at the Middle East, where (see *NR*, March 16) at least some diplomatic movement seemed possible. Such optimism, however, has now been bruised by the impasse over Jerusalem.

Before the Six-Day War, East Jerusalem had an Arab population and was under Jordanian sovereignty. Israel seized it during the war, and has held it since. Yet the fact is that no Arab leader can reach an agreement with the Israelis conceding permanent Israeli sovereignty over East Jerusalem, which contains mosques and other holy places sacred to the Arab world.

On his recent trip to Washington, Stewart Alsop reports in *Newsweek*, Jordan's King Hussein went about as far as an Arab leader could go in proposing terms for a settlement. He let it be known that he could accept Israeli "security settlements" on the West Bank of the Jordan to insure against armed penetration, if, in return, Jordan held a "sliver" of foreign territory through East Jerusalem, so that Arabs visiting the holy places would not have to pass through Israeli control points.

On her visit to Nixon, Alsop reports, Golda Meir said no. All of Jerusalem, she said, must and will remain under Israeli control. She later amended that statement slightly and agreed to Jordanian control of the Moslem holy places, but turned down all control of access.

Unlike much of the other Arab territory seized during the Six-Day War, East Jerusalem has no strategic significance. It is not comparable to the Golan Heights or Sharm el Sheikh, or even the Sinai desert. Israel's military security is in no way bound up with Israeli sovereignty over East Jerusalem. Israeli intransigence on this point is ideological or psychological, not military, in motive. Neither the Vatican nor other European capitals are sympathetic to Israeli claims where Jerusalem is concerned.

Mrs. Meir's harsh rejection of Hussein's minimal, and reasonable, proposal seems to destroy any basis for a negotiated settlement in the Middle East. The consequence of this can only be further radicalization of Arab politics, and preparations for war; and, since most of Western Europe's oil supplies come from the Middle East, another source of discord between the U.S. and the Common Market countries.

Committee To Re-elect George?

Republican Party tacticians seem about to make a colossal tactical blunder. George McGovern faces a campaign for re-election in South Dakota in 1974, he is in trouble there, and the White House—it is reliably reported—plans to groom and finance a Republican of stature to run against him.

To be sure, it would be nice to pick up George's seat, but the price of doing so would be exorbitant. Does the White House not realize that McGovern is an invaluable

Feeding Our Russian Friends

The wheat, it's in the silos
  Like honey in the hive;
They cannot store a kilo more
  Until the trains arrive.
The trains, they are a-chugging
  Across the Western plain;
The engineers are white with fears
  They cannot haul the grain.
The ships, they are arriving
  At pre-selected ports,
And Nixon will get very shrill
  If everything aborts.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Quotations

Prisoner of War Douglas K. Ramsey, the *New York Times* reports (March 2), told on his return to the States that while in confinement by the Vietcong he was tortured, starved, beaten; that he was kept shackled in crude cages, was fed dog and monkey meat (occasionally)—the only "beef" he consumed during the seven years of his imprisonment, six of them in isolation.

"The returning prisoners of war are war criminals," Philip Berrigan told a fund-raising dinner for the "Camden 17," the *Long Island Press* reported (Feb. 19).

"Historians will ask for years whether anything good came out of Vietnam; and they will not find the answer unless they hear Phil Berrigan speak . . . " (Garry Wills, in the same issue of the *L.I. Press*).

Colonel James H. Kasler, returning after more than six years' confinement in a prisoner of war camp in North Vietnam, told a "welcome home" delegation at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines: "We went to Vietnam to do a job that had to be done, and we were going to stay until the job was complete. We wanted to come home, but we wanted to come home with honor. President Nixon has brought us home with honor. God bless those Americans who supported our Presidents during this long ordeal. We know better than any citizen has ever known how great it is to be an American. It's good to be home" (*N.Y. Times*, March 5).

"We are overpublicizing the war criminals that are coming home," Father Berrigan continued.

"If peace ever comes (and it has not yet), it will come from men like [Father Berrigan], from the peaceful" (Garry Wills).

John Fritz, a civilian held by the Vietcong for four years told ACB-TV (March 2) that for most of his confinement he was chained by the neck, fed a bowl of rice a day, occasionally supplemented with dead snakes and dog meat.

"What else could we expect from the government [our government], but to distort the true [criminal] nature of the men [our men]," Philip Berrigan continued.

"Phil Berrigan spoke in a large context of forgiveness. He has even granted Nixon amnesty" (Garry Wills).

Colonel Gordon A. Larson said on his return (after six years in North Vietnam): "We now know what freedom is . . . It was our faith in God, our country, and our families that sustained us through the long years . . . On behalf of us all, God bless you all" (*N.Y. Times*, March 5).

"The returning prisoners [the war criminals] are just what Nixon wanted them to be . . ." (Father Philip Berrigan).

"Some were disappointed that his [Father Berrigan's] sermon was so little political" (Garry Wills).

—MAX GELTMAN

asset to the Republican Party? That no effort should be spared to keep him in public life? After all, he regularly threatens to form a left-wing splinter party and run again for the Presidency in 1976. With an eye on that possibility, he refused until recently to release his list of campaign contributors to the regular Democratic apparatus. He also habitually employs a rhetoric anathema to those moderate Democrats whom Nixon wishes to attract to his New Majority. Thus at Oxford University recently, after confessing that he couldn't understand why he had lost, he wrote off the Democratic Party as entirely lacking in principle and sinking into corruption.

You would think that the last thing the Republican tacticians would wish to do is retire McGovern. He is almost enough, all by himself, to guarantee continued Republican tenure in the White House. Instead of grooming and financing anybody, the GOP might consider turning over its $3.5-million campaign surplus to George. And if, between now and 1974, a yeti is discovered roaming around in the Himalayan Mountains, he should instantly be given the Republican nomination in South Dakota.

Notes & Asides

■

BAKER, NELSON & WILLIAMS
Counselors at Law
20 Exchange Place
New York, N.Y. 10005

February 27, 1973

Re: *Buckley & Evans* v. *Aftra*

Dear Bill:

Judge Brieant has signed the judgment which we proposed. By its terms he declares:

"Those provisions in any 'Code of Fair Practice' or other collective bargaining agreement between defendant and networks, broadcasters, stations, and other employers in the television and radio industry requiring, or purporting to require, that plaintiffs continue to be members of defendant, pay dues to defendant, and/or comply with defendant's orders and regulations, as a condition of the production or broadcasting of the programs *Firing Line*, *Spectrum* or other program on which plaintiffs Evans and Buckley may appear, are void and of no effect as to plaintiffs, and, further, plaintiffs Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc. may continue to make and sell the package show *Firing Line* and plaintiffs may continue to appear on television and radio as they see fit irrespective of continued membership in defendant, the payment by them of dues, or their compliance with defendant's

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regulation and orders, all without harassment or interference by defendant."

He stayed the judgment during the pendency of any appeal and allowed us costs. Sincerely yours,
C. Dickerman Williams

Viva Williams. Viva Brieant. Viva the National Right to Work Defense Fund. —WFB

■ HARVARD UNIVERSITY
John Fitzgerald Kennedy School of Government
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138
Institute of Politics 78 Mount Auburn Street
February 27, 1973

Dear Bill:

[Re your col. "Say, Wasn't Nixon Right?" *NR*, March 2] I am not writing a mea culpa. I haven't done much in my life to be proud of, but speaking out against the war (when it would have been so much easier to stay silent and play it safe) is one thing I am proud of, despite all the problems it has caused.

I have been on leave from the *NY Times* since last June. I have a fellowship here, and did not accept any subsidy from the paper to augment the rather modest income I now have.

I was amused at all the vicious and obscene letters I received from your readers. I imagine they are the very same people who among other reasons spat on the anti-war movement because they heard youngsters shout words that offended them.

I wish I could say I was sorry your house burned down but it would be hypocritical. Sincerely,
Gloria Emerson

"It was our cruel, barbaric, genocidal, brutal, senseless, immoral war! What right had they to end it?"

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We both consider ourselves conservatives, students of political science, and in a small way, theologians.

In our World's Great Religions class at Traverse City Senior High School, we are required to construct a religion entirely new and different from the established great religions of the world, and to present that religion to the class. To that end, we are working on a two-hour presentation on the religion of conservatism. Conservatism can be structured as a religion, because, as you have said: "Conservatism in America is rather a force than a political movement."

Because you are the High Priest of Conservatism, we would deeply appreciate a letter (such as an epistle of Paul) to the faithful, namely us, in Traverse City, Michigan. Thank you for your time. More-or-less-yours,
Martin Sommerness
William Allen
Box C
Traverse City, Mich.

Dear Messrs. Sommerness and Allen: I would not dream of it. I think if I may say so that the assignment is idiotic. That isn't your fault, it's the teacher's fault. One doesn't go about making up religions as though they were Erector sets. Tell him or her that he or she is an ass, and that you will make that the central tenet in your new religious faith. Yours cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Re: Notes & Asides, 2/16 issue, and your directives to the staff for more commas and fewer exclamation points, may I say:

In *NR* I have seen, with mine own eyes, such horrors as "Bebe Rebozo, crony of Nixon's," "Bobby Baker, a protegé of LBJ's," "Tunney, a classmate of Kennedy's," etc. In this issue van den Haag says, "John Rawls, a Harvard colleague of Jencks's . . ."

Ugh exclamation point. Cordially,
Norb Kearns Sr.
Howard Beach, New York

"Some freaks of idiom. *You are the man* of all others *that I did not suspect. He is the worst liar* of any man *I know. A child* of *ten years* old. *That long nose* of *his.* The modern tendency is to rid speech of patent ILLOGICALITIES; & all of the above either are, or seem to persons ignorant of any justification that might be found in the history of the constructions, plainly illogical: the man of all *men*; the worst liar of *all liars*; a child of ten years, or a child *ten years old; a friend* of mine, i.e., among my friends, but surely not that *nose* of his, i.e., among his noses: so the logic-chopper is fain to correct or damn; but even he is likely in unguarded moments to let the forbidden phrases slip out. They will perhaps be disused in time; meanwhile they are recognized idioms—STURDY, INDEFENSIBLES, *possibly.*" —Fowler, *Modern English Usage.* **—WFB**

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John Connally and the Nomination

JOHN CONNALLY has friends in high places. Roy Ash, head of the Office of Management and Budget, is a friend, as is Texan William Clements, Number Two man at Defense. Robert Strauss, Democratic National Chairman, was Connally's roommate in law school. George Bush, Republican National Chairman, at least knows Connally. Bush would be senator from Texas had not Connally, as former Governor of Texas, put his formidable political talents behind the campaign of his very close friend Lloyd Bentsen in 1970.

Six weeks after the 1970 elections Richard Nixon invited Connally to become Treasury Secretary. This was the first bombshell in what was to become, in the next eighteen months, government by bombshell. The subsequent surprises—devaluations, economic controls, Peking, Moscow, arms agreements—may have a less fundamental effect on American politics than the invitation to Connally.

The man from Floresville, Texas has what Lord Grey said Balliol men have, "tranquil consciousness of effortless superiority." It is this grace that first attracted the President to Connally—the grace, and the fact that Connally, properly courted, might help Richard Nixon carry Texas for the first time. So initially the Connally connection seemed like a bold but short-term project. Only later did it become obvious that the first determined, professional, partisan Republican in the White House since Hoover (some would say since Teddy Roosevelt) was considering an attempt to lure enough moderate Democrats away from their party—permanently—to make the Republican the majority party. Connally would be the symbol, instrument, and legitimizer of this political mass migration. His incentive: This President would help him become the next President.

Connally certainly helped the President, and not just in Texas. On Sunday evening August 15, 1971, the President went on television to unveil new economic policies. Next morning Secretary Connally held the first nationally televised press conference from the Treasury. Through more than an hour of give-and-take the beguiling Connally wove the argument that devaluation and controls represented a triumph of Administration planning. That night a local Washington television station replayed the entire press conference and some veteran newsmen, who have seen more press conferences than they care to remember, watched it again. At last the Nixon Administration had a spellbinder: Willie Mays had joined the Philadelphia Phillies.

BUT three years from now will the President want to help Willie become captain of the team? Will his help matter? It is too early to tell, but there is a lot of speculation, and some evidence. Some people think the President must favor Agnew or he would have replaced him on the ticket in 1972. But they are ignoring some recent interesting evidence about the President's feelings.

Item: One of Richard Nixon's most painful memories must be of that day in August 1960, when he was running for President, stressing his "experience" as Vice President. President Eisenhower, at a news conference, was asked to give an example of "a major idea" of Nixon's that he had adopted during his eight-year tenure. Ike replied: "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember." Ike was being careless with his words; he did not mean to injure Nixon. But he did. President Nixon never is careless with his words, and he is especially careful with the few words he judiciously dispenses directly to the press. In his last two press conferences he has gone out of his way to praise Connally lavishly as a man who could handle any job in the world. Just a few days before the first press conference the President, chatting with William Ruckelshaus, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, said he expected Connally to be the 1976 GOP nominee. The next day Ruckelshaus, who is politically shrewd and not at all reckless, told reporters what the President had said.

Item: The President recently created three "super Cabinet" posts to consolidate and streamline executive power. The super-Cabinet members are the Secretaries of Agriculture, of Housing and Urban Development, and of Health, Education and Welfare. These men—Earl Butz, James T. Lynn, Caspar Weinberger—are able. But why did not the President include the Vice President in his redistribution of executive responsibilities? By sharing some of the grand new responsibilities with Mr. Agnew the President would have partially compensated him for the reiterated praise of Connally. But, then, that may be the point: If the President wanted to balance out the competition for the 1976 nomination, he would not have said those nice things about Connally.

Actually, what could be less surprising than that Richard Nixon would want to leave his mark—a distinctive, decisive, historic mark—on the party that has been his life's work? But will the President be able to influence the choice of his successor?

Victor Gold, the Vice President's spirited and respected former press secretary, expresses the mixed hopes and resentments of many Agnew supporters when he says "a setting sun gives off little heat." Translation: the President at the end of his eight-year run will not be able to decisively influence the nominating convention. Perhaps. But today the significance of Gold's proverb is that it implicitly acknowledges that the President's influence is not apt to be used for Mr. Agnew.

THE PRESIDENT at least will be able to defuse the issue of Connally's Democratic past. It is not clear how much that past will disturb Republican voters. Ronald Reagan used to be a Democrat. So did Strom Thurmond. So did Harry Dent, counsel of the national GOP. If by 1976 Richard Nixon indicates that Connally is Republican enough for him, the setting sun will give off enough heat to melt a great deal of Republican opposition on that point. □

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Accounting for Tastes

MANY AMERICANS prefer leftist regimes, including Communist and other Marxist regimes, to rightist regimes. This phenomenon has been conspicuous in the case of the two Vietnams. Not only Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy, Jane Fonda, and Tom Hayden, but a big percentage of the media people, academics, professionals, and liberal and leftist politicians signified their preference for North over South Vietnam.

There is nothing new in this priority. Although the Soviet government and regime have never had a great many unconditional American admirers, not only the sector of opinion I have identified but most other Americans ranked them much above the Nazi government and regime. A considerable percentage preferred the Soviet regime to Mussolini's Fascism, and prefer Communist regimes to Franco Spain, South Africa, Rhodesia, and—if we may judge by the balance of denunciation—to such regimes as Greece and Brazil have had in recent years. Most Americans have been against Castro, but many were more sharply against Batista. The left trend of the Peruvian military dictators gives them a certain immunity to criticism compared to the Brazilian military dictators. Long before Richard Nixon's pilgrimage, many Americans were more cold toward Chiang's government and regime than toward Mao's.

The percentage of the total population exhibiting this left-over-right preference varies, ranging from the small band of convinced revolutionaries to nearly everybody. Its generally faithful cadre is the conglomerate of verbalists, leftist politicians, affluent suburbanites, etc., to which I have referred.

Now as it happens, this left-over-right preference is on many occasions, and in nearly every case since the end of World War II, contrary to the policy dictated by this country's national interest as understood by the Administration in power. This was not true, of course, of World War II itself. That was the most satisfying war of the epoch, since it enabled us—not quite all of us, perhaps, but nearly all—to achieve a perfect fusion of righteousness and aggression. But along the bumpy road since 1945 we have not again been blessed with that fine careless rapture.

Choosing Sides

Administrations both Democratic and Republican keep finding our national interest to require correct, generous, and even friendly relations with the Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, and such-like governments, even with South Africa as once with Batista's Cuba. And it was Lyndon Johnson who sent Marines to back the Vietnamese side that the cadre had chosen as enemy.

There is truth in the cadre's charge that the U.S. Government has usually found itself hobnobbing with right-wing ("dictatorial," "military," "reactionary") rather than with left-wing ("popular") governments. When it comes to fighting, the U.S. has always backed the rightward nation, government, or faction.

This suggests that the international posture of the cadre is closely related to, indeed an expression of, its domestic disapproval of the U.S. Government and regime. It prefers the other side in the international confrontation *because* it is, to one degree or another, against the U.S. Government and regime. This is the conclusion articulated by the left wing, in particular the neo-left wing, of the cadre.

The presence on a substantial scale of a movement of this sort—which is an "antiwar" movement only coincidentally—is a novelty in our history that must both reflect and augur profound changes. It is responsible, for example, for the end of the draft. Mass conscription from the general population doesn't produce an effective army when a sizable proportion of the population feels no commitment to the government and regime. Therefore the government must try to make out with professionals and mercenaries, in spite of the danger history has marked along that particular course.

The performance of a popular army depends in the last analysis on love of country, on patriotism. But the presence of this movement means that "old-fashioned patriotism" is finished. Though there are still many patriots among us, patriotism as a powerful operative force has got to be a mass emotion, expressive of an overwhelming consensus. The decay of patriotism in this century has been much remarked. But it is less often noted that the decay of nationalist patriotism, when it is not a mere reversion to hedonism or anarchy, is at the same time a growth of "internationalism": that is, of an imperial outlook and attitude.

A cool eye will not miss the large trace of patronizing condescension in the sympathetic reports our left-over-right verbalists render concerning the natives of those U.S.-opposing sides. The pages of *The New York Review of Books* drip with it. Those little brown North Vietnamese are such brave, firm, polite, gentle, sweet *dears*. And isn't it just too marvelous for words how all those hundreds of millions of Chinese —they are quite bright you know—are so smiling and content with so little, and clean too, and wouldn't it be divine to be like them and not have all these *things* to worry about . . .

There is a lurking irony here. To fulfill an imperial role demands an abandonment or at least weakening of nationalist patriotism. By the record, it is the liberals and our liberal Democratic Presidents who have led the nation into its twentieth-century surges toward imperium: the two great imperial wars, nearly all the lesser wars of imperial intervention from Wilson's Mexican expedition to Vietnam, and the global economic and political initiatives. In these most recent years we find the liberal Left pushed into the paradox of opposing an imperial expedition from a base of imperial-oriented attitudes and feelings. The paradox is, actually, a reflection of the unresolved transition in which America has got painfully stuck, wandering between nation and empire: in Matthew Arnold's words, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." □

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DONALD COXE

Will Canada SHUT OFF Our Fuel Supply?

IF YOUR MAP of Canada is more than three years old, you won't find Inuvik on it. Inuvik is at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, east of a community that only recently has appeared on maps of Alaska—Prudhoe Bay. Like Prudhoe Bay, Inuvik is a focal point for oil and gas exploration. Activity at Prudhoe Bay is now at a minimum, thanks to the campaign of environmental ideologues, but Inuvik is booming. However, Inuvik may also become a sleepy Eskimo community again, if an ideology somewhat older than environmentalism has its way.

Oilmen believe that the Canadian Arctic has enough oil and natural gas to improve significantly what otherwise seems the inevitable outlook for the U.S.: chronic brownouts and fuel shortages. Naturally, American companies are investing heavily in Canadian fuel resources. Exploration now centers in the Mackenzie Delta (with oil and gas pipelines to the Midwestern United States in prospect), and even greater deposits may lie in the Canadian High Arctic. Industry spokesmen say that more than $50 billion will be required in the next ten years to exploit this abundance. The U.S., with its reserves declining, would certainly supply the capital; the question is whether Canada will permit investment on this scale.

For there is a growing movement afoot in Canada to wean America from its intake of Canadian fuels and other mineral resources. The composition and motives of this movement are complicated; its members include predictable ideologues and fretful Tories. One thing

is certain: The Office of Emergency Preparedness in Washington will have to take the movement into account in its planning. Indeed, the debate now developing may determine whether the U.S. is to become by 1985 a virtual island power like Japan, dependent on offshore natural resources (particularly ominous if it means dependence on the Arab-dominated Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) or to remain a part of a continent with immense mineral supplies.

It came as a shock last year when the National Energy Board of Canada (NEB) vetoed a $100-million gas deal between American and Canadian companies. The NEB justified its decision by citing a long-term domestic gas shortage: An explanation made implausible, as the Canadian Petroleum Association angrily noted, by the Board's failure to include any Arctic discoveries in its calculations—rather as if an 1850 estimate of U.S. gold reserves had ignored the California strikes. Now the Canadian government has announced curbs on the export of crude oil to the U.S., at a time when the supply of fuel oil is so critical in the U.S.

Although no one in government will admit it publicly, the real reason for cutting back on exports of oil and gas to the U.S. has little to do with projected shortages here, and a lot to do with Canada's changing view of its relationship to the U.S. Aided by old-style Tory longing for the British connection and leftist anti-Americanism, more and more Canadians have been worrying about Canada's increasingly close cultural and economic involvement with its mighty neighbor. Still, the American colossus was so benign that it took a shock to make most Canadians seriously doubt the wisdom of a trading policy that gave Americans free access to Canadian resources.

Richard Nixon's New Economic Policy was the jolt needed. When he proclaimed that U.S. companies could set up Domestic International Sales Corporations (DISCs) to export products from what could be termed U.S. tax havens, Canadians assumed the intended target of this program was Canada. (Mr. Nixon compounded the problem by stating that Japan was the largest trading partner of the U.S., when U.S. trade with Japan is only a fraction of its trade with Canada; many

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Canadians interpreted this gaffe to mean that Nixon didn't count Canada as an independent trading nation.) Mr. Nixon did, eventually, offer Canada exemption from the most baneful parts of the NEP, but the implied condition—the U.S. would admit Canadian manufactured goods in return for expanded access to Canadian raw materials—was widely construed as an attempt to bully Canada into economic subservience, making Canadians "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the American industrial complex. There were angry demands to put a permanent freeze on exports of "our national lifeblood" to the U.S.

MR. NIXON'S action helped crystallize Canadian resentment on the general subject of U.S. economic penetration of Canada: 80 per cent of oil and gas output, more than half of all manufacturing, and half of Canadian mining is controlled by Americans. There is more American investment in Canada than in all of Europe; yet until recently Canada had no Servan-Schreiber to warn of the implications of such dominance. Despite some submerged discomfort with their situation, Canadians have long accepted the policy of continentalism, a policy that strengthened trade ties with the U.S. as a counterpoise against protectionism elsewhere. After all, only the Americans could afford to buy high-cost Canadian manufactured goods. The U.S. gradually increased its share of Canadian exports until by 1969 it was buying 85 per cent of Canadian exports of fully manufactured goods. On the other hand, the influx of American capital and know-how since World War II contributed largely to Canada's recent prosperity.

Since the mid-Sixties, however, anti-continentalism, once the special quirk of the Anglophile Right, has been taken up by the Yankeephobe Left and, increasingly, by more influential forces as well. According to the leftist analysis, Canada's accessible mineral wealth has made it an American colony protecting "American imperialism" from seizures of its foreign holdings by Allende types. Thus, the relationship was not only bad for Canada, but was one of the prime strategic bases for American world power. Over the long run, American shortages of energy resources (and copper, nickel, zinc, and iron ore) would become a fatal weakness. As long as Canada continued to make its huge reserves of these minerals freely available to the U.S., there would be little effective restraint on American world power. This was the ideological framework for the hard Left's campaign to stop mineral exports to the U.S., with its slogan "Nixon Drinks Canada Dry" (of natural resources).

The campaign became politically potent when it was taken up by the socialist New Democratic Party. The NDP was at first restrained from joining the leftist gang-bang by its ties to anti-Communist American unions; but its agony was ended when the AFL-CIO launched its own campaign (culminating in the xenophobic Burke-Hartke bill) against the foreign operations of U.S. corporations (the corporations were exporting American jobs and technology, importing goods made by unorganized workers at coolie wages, etc.). The NDP put a "made in Canada" union label on the sloganeering by demanding an end to the "sellout"; it argued that irreplaceable natural resources were being sold to enrich American companies and to solve problems created by the Americans' wasteful use of their own domestic resources.

Boosted by latent anti-Americanism, the campaign gained respectability from the arguments of Eric Kierans, a Liberal former cabinet minister, and former head of the Montreal Stock Exchange. Kierans pointed out that huge American mineral investment had forced the value of the Canadian dollar up from 92.5 cents U.S. to parity, an appreciation that has been extremely painful for secondary industry in Canada. Moreover, oil and gas exploration and production are capital-intensive, not labor-intensive; so that Canada, with the fastest-growing labor force of any Western industrial nation, has an unemployment rate above 6 per cent—at a time of strong economic growth. Thus, argued Kierans, those industries that can provide jobs for Canadians are penalized by competitive disadvantages arising from American oil and gas investment.

Kierans' argument was embarrassing to the Liberal government, and he was forced out. The Liberal Party has an historic commitment to continentalism, and a practical commitment to a Mackenzie pipeline. Premier Trudeau did not buy the proposition that Canada would prosper by choking off mineral development; and he could hardly urge Washington to lay the pipeline through Canada while one of his own ministers denounced all hydrocarbon exports. Trudeau was also impressed by the views of British Columbia residents that the planned Alaska pipeline and tanker route would mean inevitable oil spills that would ravage Canada's Pacific Coast. The Liberals thus went on record that the U.S. should abandon plans for an Alaskan pipeline in favor of a route along the Arctic Coast to the Mackenzie Delta, there to join with a Mackenzie pipeline. Oil and gas could thus be brought from both Alaska and the Delta to the south without creating severe environmental hazards. With the recent U.S. court of appeals decision setting back the Alaska pipeline even further, this Canadian alternative could be a logical solution.

Obviously the Liberals are trying to placate ultranationalist sentiment by curbing mineral exports. The danger is that this Canadian power play will serve mainly to fuel the Left's campaign. Recent opinion polls in Canada show a dramatic shift in public attitudes toward U.S. "economic domination." In three years the number of Canadians who think it "a bad thing" has gone from a minority to a two-thirds majority—sure evidence that the continued propaganda in the media is having an impact. Even if the Mackenzie pipeline could be worked out, the new nationalists will still have ample opportunities to flex their muscles on other resource questions.

WHAT is at stake in the question of the export of Canadian resources is the survival of continentalism. President Nixon and the AFL-CIO bosses have bruised this concept, and in the long run it is likely that their actions will determine whether Canada will remain a secure supplier of resources to the U.S.; more American protectionist outbursts now would lead to Canadian retaliation and a great wave of anti-Americanism. The uncertainties will remain a long time.

Meanwhile, there are two dozen drilling rigs at work in the Canadian Arctic, and their success rate is the highest of any "frontier" wildcat program in the world. □

Mr. Coxe is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s Canadian correspondent.*

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SEEN FROM ROME

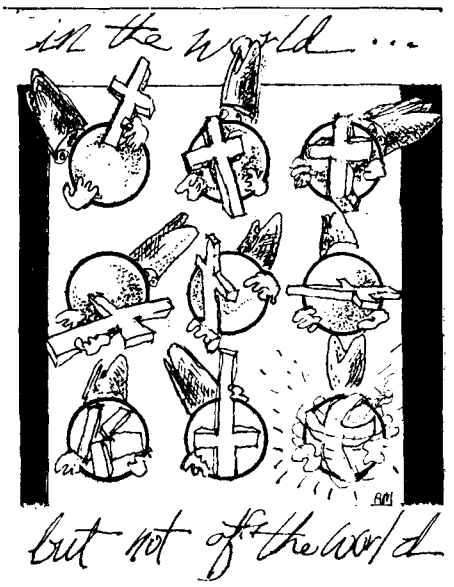
The Pope's Ostpolitik

HERVE LECLERC

THE POLEMICS arising out of the Second Vatican Council have obscured the Catholic Church's political strategy, the frame of reference within which it operates, and its successes and failures in achieving immediate and long-range international goals. As a precaution, we should remember that the Church is "*in* the world, without being *of* the world": It affirms not a separation but a distinction between the spiritual and the temporal. This duality is always the rule, even when religious matters become partly political. In their worst excesses, public or private, the Renaissance Popes never wavered from orthodoxy on this point; and Paul VI, who has been reproached for his capitulation to Communism, is the author of the most Nicaean, and the most "integrist," Credo since the Council of Trent.

THE CHURCH'S way of dealing with the temporal is obviously dominated by its conception of its role in the world. Its belief that it is eternal and universal forces it to see present events in a perspective that embraces the entire future of the universe. This unique vision, along with two thousand years' experience in human affairs, causes it to view the world in a space-time dimension that the laity and even many clerics have difficulty accepting. This is the secret of Vatican politics (even if it is sometimes carried out rather clumsily): to look at such problems as Jesus looked at the hills of Galilee from the heights of Ghazir. A difficult undertaking, obviously, but one that merits attention from anyone who wants to make intelligent judgments regarding Church policies.

While universal in spirit, the Church has nonetheless been closely linked to the Western world by history and intellectual development. It is natural, therefore, that its point of departure in temporal matters is the West, its problems and its destiny. However, the Church cannot ignore recent changes in the global balance of power—moving from the bipolarism of the postwar period to the multipolarism that President Nixon affirmed in Peking. This multipolarism has introduced a new dimension into world politics. It has given a different *tone* to the con-



frontation between the U.S.A. and the USSR (which confrontation is still the greatest political problem of our time), and it may finally modify the essential substance of this confrontation as well.

Meanwhile, the Church is well aware of the immediate repercussions of the breakdown of the old balance of power. If it is evident, the Church says, that NATO is breaking up, it is no less certain that the Eastern monolith has begun to erode, and that the satellite countries remain Communist only by external compulsion. Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik is a gamble that involves more than West Germany. It has also caused a "decompression" among the satellites—a diminution of tension, which, in tempering their coldness toward Bonn, cools their enthusiasm for Moscow. (The invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was born of the Kremlin's panic at this prospect.) The loosening of the bonds that hold the Atlantic Alliance together is mirrored by a definite—though less obvious—vacillation in the Eastern bloc. The opinion of the satellite countries carries a weight that it has never had before; and this opinion leans toward true peace and effective dialogue, even if Leonid Brezhnev intends "dialogue" to be nothing more than a tactic in his global game-plan.

This is only part of what the Vatican sees as a general evolution of Communism. Marxist-Leninist doctrine has not changed an iota, and, at least when it is executed by central headquarters, it is still effective and destructive. Even so, methods have changed. Force now tends to be replaced by negotiation. Confrontations are less direct; the Kremlin's approach is more cautious, more subtle. Given two choices, the East seems now to take the less radical, hence, from the West's point of view, the less negative. Even though coexistence is usually intended as a mask for aggressiveness, it nonetheless imposes practical constraints that at least slow the Communist advance.

This evolution, the Vatican believes, must be encouraged and guided toward true coexistence. To act effectively, it is necessary to take the measure of the situation exactly and without illusion. At first, the changes seemed to be tactical maneuvers, and they probably were. But the characteristic of tactics is to modify the strategy they are supposed to serve, by changing the conditions in which it operates. Historical events always leave a trace, just as tornados or floods—no matter how short-lived—succeed in transforming a landscape.

NOW, something has actually changed in the East and is still changing. Stalin's death and the revelations of the Twentieth Congress seem to have robbed Communism of its driving force —personal tyranny. Government by committee diminishes the energy of Communism by introducing pluralism, alternatives, doubt—that is to say, the opposite of its former concentrated fanaticism and authoritarian intransigence. Also, the West's overtures to the

Mr. Leclerc writes for the Paris-based anti-Communist magazine Est-Ouest, *in which this essay first appeared.*

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East have forced the East into some contact with Western culture. A certain osmosis has begun that, even though it does not affect both sides equally, is by no means all in our direction. Finally, the generation which was 15 years old at the time of the Twentieth Congress in 1956—which was just becoming aware of politics—is not Khrushchev's generation, nor even Adzhubei's (Khruschchev's son-in-law, a former editor of *Izvestia*).

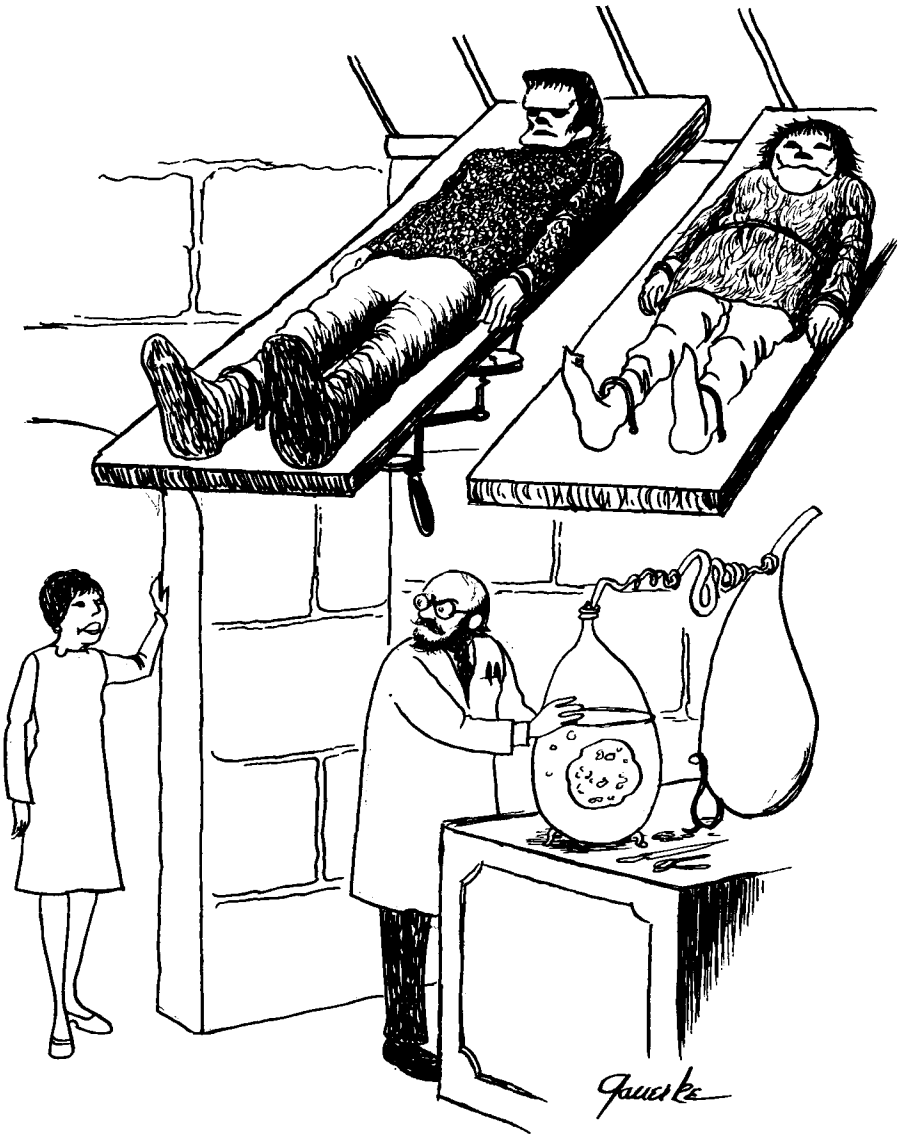
THE Iron Curtain has been blown partly open by winds from America; young Russians are aware of jazz, movies, the conquest of the moon, and even hippies. Criticism, skepticism, indifference, weariness are replacing automatic discipline and unsophisticated fanaticism. The increasing success of the *samizdat* press would have been unimaginable under Stalin. There are protests and resistance. The absolute monopoly of the press is vitiated by clandestine foreign radio broadcasts. The systematic use of insane asylums to still critics bears witness to a certain reluctance on the part of the oppressors to rely entirely on the classic methods of the concentration camp and the firing squad. These developments have affected the *apparat*, and even basic Soviet power. The repercussions of Prague 1968 are not limited to Czechoslovakia and the neighboring satellites. Even Soviet opinion was affected. The man in the street began asking questions, having doubts. Similar doubts have arisen in regard to the persecution of the Jews. Something really is stirring in the East, and stirring in the right direction. It would be naïve not to see this evolution for what it is and help it along.

That sort of intervention, according to the Vatican, requires a great deal of prudence and daring. Prudence first of all. There's not much Rome can do, except to light the way, to point out obstacles and opportunities, for it is up to the temporal powers to act. But Europe's present situation does not leave much room to maneuver. Europe remains militarily dependent on the United States, even now that Washington is moving toward disengagement. Whatever the obvious result of the November election, isolationism was the real winner. With America a distant spectator, France largely out of NATO, Germany cooperating reluctantly, and Italy just waiting for a chance to declare herself neutral, Europe will be at the mercy of Soviet tanks (since an atomic holocaust has been excluded by the Great Powers). Given these conditions, the coming European Security Conference, which Moscow very much wants, could turn out to be no more than a verification of the Russian influence on European politics.

But, says the Vatican, this situation is not quite the disaster it seems. Precisely to the extent that the USSR believes itself already the master of Europe's destiny, it no longer feels the need to take Europe by force. Its present arms buildup can be explained as a shoring-up of its defenses on the west, the better to confront the hereditary enemy, China. Viewed from this perspective, Russia's interests would not be served by a military invasion of Europe.

Furthermore, Europe is rushing to offer the Soviet Union the capital and technology it still needs. A war would destroy that Europe which the Kremlin now regards as granary, workshop, storehouse. The problem for the West has therefore ceased to be military; it has become political (even assuming that it has been military at all since 1945, which some eminent thinkers, e.g., Boris Souvarine, dispute). One can deplore this or rejoice over it, but it is a fact. And a fact that explains the Vatican's obvious a-priorism in systematically considering the world chessboard in a perspective of peace. To the Vatican, every advance toward peace is a positive good, even though there

(Continues on page 378)



"Those fanatics from ZPG are here to see you again."

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European Anti-Americanism

From the Continent **ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN**

A MINOR UPSURGE of anti-American feeling is making itself felt in Europe these days. The immediate reason was, of course, the dollar crisis. The Socialist Chancellor of Austria, Dr. Bruno Kreisky, raised —somewhat bitterly—the not-so-foolish question how it happened that suddenly millions and millions of dollars were flowing into Europe, especially into Germany. Who, exactly, were the speculators? Was the American government behind these transactions? That question is heard frequently. A German newspaper even suggests that the dollars have come in retaliation for the "anti-American attitude of German public opinion." The man in the street feels that "America is doing things to us"; it matters little to him whether the culprit is the government or the *haute finance*. If the United States and Japan have trade problems, Europeans grumble, why should this suddenly have a bearing on Europe? Even European businessmen who have no direct commercial ties with America are becoming upset. Exporters who have contracts with South America will be paid in dollars — smaller dollars. European goods will become non-competitive, because too expensive, not only in the United States, but in many other parts of the world.

Beyond economics, has Vietnam anything to do with the surge of anti-Americanism? Not really. Vietnam served for years as a focus for anti-American feelings in search of a rational explanation. The latest turn in America's Asian policies has created a subtle but quite perceptible annoyance, not to say discomfort, in European non-Muscovite leftist circles. Should one return to the Soviet line? Can one still praise China and Maoism? It will take some time for the "Free Left" to find a new "critical" program of action. They will encounter considerable difficulties in building up a legend similar to the one of "the Vietnam crime" and will also find it hard to fashion it into an anti-American argument.

I felt this when, a few weeks ago, after a mid-European television debate on Vietnam, I was approached by the editor of a leading Socialist paper. He grabbed both my hands and thanked me effusively for having brought up the subject of Vietcong atrocities. "We know about them," he said, "we all do, but you had the courage to bring it up." Courage indeed. The true roots of anti-Americanism are tangled and diffuse. One thing is certain: They are not based on any real knowledge of the United States. If we try to draw up an ideological catalogue of anti-American sentiments we first have to establish their sources. These are: rightist prejudices and leftist complexes, the latter being divided into Nazi and Marxist ones.

The rightists—"conservatives"—have a claim to the oldest anti-American tradition. They cherish the conviction that the French Revolution was fathered by the American War of Independence, which is to a certain extent technically-historically true, but not ideologically. Then there is the conservative grievance that the United States (under Wilson) ruined the chances for a compromise peace in 1917, which the conservative forces in all the countries at war wished. To this must be added the presentation of America as "a new country" without traditions, lacking interest in the higher values in life, a country of equality and vulgarity. A more specific grievance is the distinctly leftist nature of the non-military part of the American Occupation after World War II, which laid the foundations for leftist control of the mass media—in Germany, at least. This infuriated conservatives, who, after all, were the most ardent and courageous opponents of the Nazis.

Nazi ("Brown" Left) resentment against the United States is primarily the resentment of the defeated and the humiliated. You may be sure that among the anti-Vietnam demonstrators there are many sons and grandsons of those who hailed Hitler and then became eager CARE-package munchers, swastika-brandishers who became parasites of the Americans when their brown world crumbled and the victors had the cash. Jew-baiters in the past, they now hypocritically lambast the treatment of American Negroes. In this connection we cannot overlook the Swedes, who assuage their national guilt over their collaboration with the Nazis in World War II with indignation about America's intervention in Southeast Asia.

By far the largest camp of anti-Americans is that of the "Red" Left—the Marxists, Marxist-Leninists, Stalinists, Maoists, and Marcusians. Their vision is in many ways diametrically opposed to that of the conservatives. America to them is not the land of the Common People, of faceless masses without tradition, respect, or higher values. They see it as a '48er would have viewed the "establishment" of Metternich: To them the United States is the country of autocracy and authority, of big industrialists, big generals, big bankers, big landowners. This is the vision of the late C. Wright Mills's *Power Elite*, a book translated into several European languages and eagerly lapped up by Communists. To them the Vatican is just another White House; the White House, another Japanese Imperial Palace.

YET, what all professional anti-Americans have in common—even if they have national grievances, like the Arabs or the Latin Americans—is an enormous *envy*. Envy has been the driving political force in Europe ever since the French Revolution. Today a dynamic political movement rallying large numbers cannot be imagined without the motivation of collective envy. It is generally believed that Americans live better than other nations; even all the big noise around the "war against poverty" in the United States could not squelch this belief. Americans are, in all likelihood, not happier than other nations, but they *do* live better, they *do* have higher living standards (maybe because they work harder, invest more wisely, organize better). That remains their unforgivable sin. As Americans are not likely to change their national character, we need not expect anti-Americanism to wane. □

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TOWARD INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Brock contends that today's highly educated students are bright, but not necessarily intelligent: They haven't been trained in logic, in how to think. Having stated the problem, he then suggests a solution

Consciousness Aleph

HORACE W. BROCK

The Dominion of Aleph *is in the misty realm of higher mathematics. In counting from one to infinity, the number eventually "reached" is defined as* Aleph. *In homage to Charles Reich, let us denote as Consciousness* Aleph *an idealized terminus of the evolution of Social Consciousness. The topography of this illusory land will differ markedly from that of Reich's emerging Consciousness III. For it will be landscaped by individuals rather than by stereotypical conformists masquerading as individuals. By people who are not merely "bright," but intelligent as well. By people who are not willfully irrational, because they have bothered to learn what "rationality" is.*

It is time to ask why these two realms are so far apart. And how to build a bridge between them.

THE brightness and sophistication of the young have been touted during the past decade just enough to keep afloat a myth: that the country is populated with a swelling number of "intelligent" people. This myth not only lacks substance, it masks a national disgrace. For despite vast expenditures on education and a growing number of degree-holders, very few people are learning *how to think*. And, as a result, there are very few people who are *intelligent* in any fundamental sense.

Certainly, many of the young are sophisticated and knowledgeable at an earlier age than were their forebears, because of television, travel, and early independence. (It is too soon to judge whether precocious sophistication leads to more satisfying lives.) And young people are bright in the sense that they show aptitude for learning and for intelligent thought from an early age. What is important is whether potentially or ostensibly bright, well-informed people can think intelligently and are better off as a result of doing so; and whether they acquire *habits of thought* that will make them increasingly intelligent as life goes on. There are several tests to be passed here.

First, does a person get effective mileage out of the information he chances to have at any particular time? That is, does he possess methods of thought which permit him to sift through, select, and recombine pieces of knowledge so as to arrive at *new* propositions? And are these propositions truly implied by his stock of information?

Second, are a person's methods of thought open to the inspection and understanding of others? Or is his methodology private property, in which case the proprietor can dismiss our troubled efforts to understand him as a function of our stupidity. (I once had an argument with a film editor who had worked on the movie *Catch 22*. When I questioned the reasons he gave as to why the movie was so "brilliant," my queries were dismissed with the retort: "You're simply not bright enough to understand the surrealistic convolution of the Absurd embodied in the event." Apparently I was not; certainly, the discussion had nowhere to go after that.)

Third, does a person willingly put his theories and opinions on the line and invite criticism? Is he eager to listen to others? And does he realize that, because of his habit of doing so, his intelligence will grow over time as errors in his reasoning and gaps in his knowledge become apparent? Fourth, is he willing to do the work necessary to plug holes in his fund of knowledge and to improve his reasoning? And fifth, is he sufficiently articulate and civilized in discussion that he can find others who are willing to communicate with him?

The number of people whose habits of thought and communication meet these criteria of intelligence is unnecessarily small.

Argumentative Paralysis

Among the young, especially among those who have dropped out and glory in non-intellectualism, a glazed expression and verbal paralysis is the most common response to the question: "*Why* do you feel as you do about this issue that you claim is important?" Try to get one word out of him for every ten of yours.

At universities, especially the prestige schools where students are reminded weekly of how bright they are, the theme is the same but the variation a

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touch more pretentious. Here, where a certain proportion of students enjoy an image of themselves as "intellectual," verbal paralysis is not so common; you do chance upon discussions and arguments. The topic is usually Himalayan in scope, but the mode of ascent is such that the summit is never reached. The first thing an onlooker notices is how eager everyone is to interject the bright remark. Bright remarks are made but they never take their places in a train of argument. The thread of the original argument is lost in the first five minutes.

During the seven years I studied at Harvard, MIT, and Stanford, only once did I witness a truly systematic discussion, the length of which (two hours) did justice to the complexity of the topic (foreign policy). The discussion began at one point and ended at another. Learning had actually taken place: Several participants had changed their views. The reason for this singularity? A visiting professor from Oxford insisted that the argument proceed step by step.

One evidence of the confused way the young think nowadays is the proliferation of extended value judgments. The scope of inappropriate value judgments has expanded to the extent that not even scientific theories are exempt. I was recently informed by a youth in Aspen that the "truth" of an asserted link between a vegetarian diet and cancer was a matter of his "personal feeling" and was not susceptible of scientific analysis. In such contexts, the adduction of value judgments pickles an argument as effectively as formaldehyde pickles a mouse.

The point here is that a sine qua non of intelligent discussion is an appreciation of the frequency with which, and the level at which, it is useful to introduce assumptions and value judgments. Useful; not expedient. There is little evidence of such appreciation in most contemporary debates.

The intellectual habits of many older people hardly constitute a model. Many parents and teachers seem unwilling or unable to challenge the more outrageous and unsubstantiated proclamations of the young. It is rank arrogance for anyone to voice as a "conclusion" about a complex issue something that is, in fact, no more than a feeling: a feeling arrived at in a private manner, which no one else is permitted to share. Yet this propensity of the young is perennially indulged by those who are older and should know better. One consequence of their disinclination to challenge the young is that too many people remain sequestered in camps of "those who see the world as I do." They continue to *feel* this and *feel* that, but the foundations of their feelings are never probed.

There may well be something peculiarly American about our argumentative paralysis. An elderly Englishman who has lived in Europe and the States recently remarked: "Here, it is considered rude to disagree with your neighbor. How different it is abroad. In Paris, for example, you are not asked out to dinner unless you have a point of view of your own to articulate and defend." And indeed, think of the older people you know who will talk your ear off about what they have been *doing*, but rarely about what they have been *thinking*, for they do little of that.

With genuine communication at a low ebb, it is no wonder that the frustration level is so high in many quarters of contemporary society. But there is a more subtle price we pay for our ways. Americans are probably the most open-minded of peoples. We believe in new ways, we try new ways, and we welcome progress. Yet we lack certain habits that would facilitate our thinking through new alternatives instead of rushing out, trying every possible one, and finding disillusionment. These are the habits of careful thought and civilized discussion—habits of learning through which one person's ideas and experiences can be shared by others and reflected upon.

Rationalism: Misunderstood

Clear thinking and articulate discussion are simply not taught in schools and universities. When I taught a course in "Expository Thinking" last year to twenty-odd Harvard/Radcliffe freshmen, I discovered that not a single student had ever taken a course in basic deductive logic. Four had been exposed to higher-level languages of logic based upon formal mathematical systems, principally the language of probability theory. Yet while they had glimpsed the theory, applications were alien to them. For it was clear from their essays that the fundamental concepts of inductive logic were not a part of their working mental equipment.

I found that in the last three years of high school, only three of my students had written as many as six essays of more than four pages in length. And the criticism they had received amounted to an average of four lines per paper; virtually all critical comments concerned writing style and/or factual content. The students' reasoning processes were almost never scrutinized. And Harvard freshmen are above average in preparation. Logic is not taught in high schools, except possibly in an abstract manner as a footnote to a "New Math" course. Essays assigned are so short that a student seldom has the opportunity to develop and argue a theme. When he is not writing book reports, his essays are likely to consist of expressions of feeling about some subject, the modern version of bloodletting.

One morning I asked my students to write on the topic: "How to determine whether to lower the voting age to eighteen." Despite explicit instructions not to do so, a number of students could not resist sounding off on whether the voting age *should* be lowered. My intent was to force them to ask themselves: What is at stake in this issue? What are the principal factors and relationships? How much additional information is it possible to obtain about these factors at what cost? How much information should be obtained before reaching a decision? Only two essays out of 22 would have been of any help at all to a panel asked to investigate the question.

On to college. The college course catalogues bulge with esoteric offerings in mathematical logic, statistical analysis, economic analysis, probability theory, et cetera. It might seem impossible to go through college today and not learn how to think brilliantly. But few, in fact increasingly few, students of the post-technological era concentrate in these difficult fields. Given freedom of choice who *wouldn't* prefer "independent study" in film-making, or a seminar in lesbian dynamics, to an elective in diophantine equations? Besides, the analytic prowess gained by those who do choose the more difficult path may be deceptive. It is one thing to be able to arrive at analytic solutions to subproblems, quite another to think well in the large.

But never mind educational limita-

Mr. Brock is studying for his PhD at Princeton.

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tions. So few among the young are intelligent because the young do not value the skills of careful thinking and argument. The average student never has the opportunity to discover that systematic discussion can be exciting and instructive. When a student does try to think, he finds it much more difficult than the mere speculating he is used to. In short, due to lack of practice, many students are conscious of the pain but not the pleasure associated with intelligent thought, and hence do not value it. To make matters worse, the young overwhelmingly associate any emphasis on clear thinking with "Western rationalism," which they in turn identify with bombs, McNamara, traffic jams, and technology in general. The attack on Rationalism is widespread; unfortunately, the attack is founded upon serious misconceptions.

Few post-rationalists can define "rationalism" at all, although most get as far as mistaking "logicality" for "rationality." Worse, most people erroneously perceive a fundamental conflict between human values and emotions, and rationality.

A philosophical reconceptualization of the term "rationalism" emphasizing the human learning process should kill two birds with one stone. It should motivate most people to wish to be rational. And it should suggest a new high-school course that would teach students how to act rationally and how to think intelligently about problems relevant to their lives.

Knowledge v. *Wisdom*

The adjectives "logical" and "rational" are regularly misused and confused. "Logical" is a property of the progression of steps in an argument. "Rational" is a property of human acts and decisions. A decision is rational if the expected outcome of the decision is the outcome that is most consistent with the goals and values of the decision-maker. (The word "expected" refers to the fact that most decisions are gambles with an uncertain future.) "Emotions" enter here in the following sense: A person's values today are in part the result of emotional reactions to yesterday's experiences filtered by time and reflection.

Depending upon the particular decision to be made, and upon the decision-maker's personal values, it may or may not be rational to be highly logical in reaching a decision. For example, a situation in which intuition can be expected to be reliable is a situation where it would be irrational to be very logical in reaching a decision. Why think more than you have to, to arrive at the same decision?

Is all this too vague to be useful? Not at all. If one accepts the criteria of rationality given above, then in almost any problem he may encounter, his values and his information will imply that only one string of decisions is rational for him. Identifying this string of best decisions is very difficult. Certainly, we are well past the point where "to be rational" means "to think through"—an imperative that is not terribly helpful in application.

The difficulty in identifying a rational series of decisions arises from three simple factors. First, a person is apt to have an overwhelming number of options to choose from at each point in time. Second, there is a complicated interrelationship between any sequence of decisions over time and the string of consequences of making them. Third, there is the problem of uncertainty and hence risk. Each person feels differently about assuming risks; it is essential, but difficult, to take this emotion into account." Happily, "strategic learning" is possible: One can learn things now through making certain special decisions that will reduce the uncertainty, and therefore the risk, of future decisions.

The problem of making decisions leading to the good life is especially complex (and thus especially "educational"). For one thing, each person has a great many values to take into account. Some of these conflict and have to be intelligently traded off with one another. Second, he can be betrayed by his values. Think of the people who spend a lifetime chasing the dollar and then wonder why they did it, since it never brought them happiness. Thus, a person is wise to test his values via some "strategic learning" when he is young. Young people who try out life-styles different from those they know at home are often one step ahead of the game.

This modern interpretation of Rationalism emphasizes the relationships among four peculiarly human capabilities: reasoning; valuing; learning; and making the most of opportunities to lead a satisfying life. The strategic learning process is elevated to a central position, echoing Aristotle's warning: "Knowledge cannot be called wisdom if it comes too late." Now strategic learning as opposed to haphazard learning calls for communication, open-mindedness, risk-taking (e.g., trying something new), and lengthy step-by-step discussions that *get* somewhere. In a sense, therefore, we have come full circle.

A Suggestion

Clearly, we should encourage true intelligence. For example, students might be required to take a three-part, three-year course during the last three years of high school. Part I could be devoted to motivating an interest in rational decision-making and intelligent thought. Physical analogies, presented by audio-visual techniques, could be used to reveal the meaning of rationality in terms of human values and decisions; novels could be read and real-life cases discussed making clear the price people have paid for ignorance, sloppy thinking, and a refusal to communicate. In Part II, students could learn the rudiments of the several disciplines that facilitate clear thinking: systems theory, decision theory, probability theory and statistical inference, and deductive logic. Mathematical techniques should be largely ignored; it is not necessary to learn them in order to think soundly. Fundamental principles would be inculcated through application to real-life problems. (This approach has been highly successful in business schools.) Part III could consist of forums for debating topics of current interest; workshops; and lengthy essays in which each student has a chance to tackle a whole problem.

Is this possible? Certainly. I taught the rudiments of Part I and II to my class in a disorganized manner in fifteen weeks. Despite several severe obstacles, the students found it interesting and "relevant," according to unsigned evaluations I requested on the last day of class.

The language of clear thinking is only one form of human communication. In the last analysis, it is a form that is only as important as the problems it can solve. Clear thinking cannot solve all man's problems, but it can solve some. Certainly a high-school graduate has a right to learn this useful language in the eleven thousand hours he spends in class. □

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Down with Q!

REGULATION Q is a bit of folly made into law in 1933 and administered by the Federal Reserve System. It establishes maximum interest rates paid on time deposits and savings deposits in commercial banks, and it prohibits the payment of interest on checking account deposits. As with every known example of governmental intervention in free markets, the objective seems acceptable, the method sounds adequate, and the results are unmitigated disaster. Gore follows:

From the standpoint of the individual saver, the limits on interest rates have reduced his income on his savings balances. From the standpoint of the banks, the limits on interest rates have kept them from upping their rates in times past when they were actively seeking funds and would have been glad to pay higher rates to attract them. "Q" has led directly to distorted flows of funds in international payments and played a great role in the monetary chaos of 1971 and 1972 and 1973. Matter of fact, it will contribute to every future monetary crisis until it is scrubbed off the books.

The general level of interest rates is not determined by bureaucratic regulation. The level of interest rates is determined largely by the general expectation of the future buying power of the money. For the first two decades following the arrival of "Q," the general expectation was that the buying power of the money would decline at a rate that was less than the maximum rate permitted under "Q." So "Q" was irrelevant. Since the late 1950s the inflationary expectations have risen to the point where "Q" actually began to have an effect. As soon as the regulation took hold, things went predictably awry.

Funds that should normally have flowed into the commercial banks to earn interest were instead loaned directly to commercial borrowers at rates higher than permitted under "Q." The largest and most creditworthy corporations found it easy enough to borrow funds in this nonbank credit market. The actual burden of "Q" fell, then, quite unevenly and unfairly, on the smaller and weaker corporate borrowers. Fairness arises from freely contracted engagements. All attempts to force other arrangements produce unfairness.

"Q" produced not only a nonbank credit market but also a seriously flawed market. When, for example, all corporate borrowings came under some degree of suspicion in the wake of the collapse of the Penn Central (leaving hundreds of millions of lenders holding the bag), lendable funds in the nonbank market suddenly dried up. The banks couldn't step in, because "Q" forbade them in effect to pay the going rate for funds. The Federal Reserve was smart enough, for just one glorious moment, to recognize that "Q" was a threat to orderly money markets, and promptly suspended it. When the crisis was over, "Q" was reinvoked. Hard to kick a habit.

Internationally, "Q" has the terminal vapors. In instances when market rates rose above the "Q" limits, lendable funds shifted away from deposits in banks and toward the nonbank market as usual. Banks, seeking to replace those funds, discovered they could borrow at market (illegal) rates in Europe. In 1966 they ran up their Eurodollar borrowings to $4.3 billion. In 1969 they went to Europe for $15 billion. In June 1969 the banks were paying 12 per cent interest on three-month Eurodollars. Dollars from all over the world sloshed into European banks.

"Q" was suspended in June 1970 and within a year the level of interest rates had dropped to below "Q" limits. The Eurodollar borrowings were worked off, and Eurodollars (at relatively favorable rates) became lendable funds for European corporations. German companies, for example, borrowed billions of Eurodollars, converted them to marks, and financed their expansion thataway. The Bundesbank was then required to swallow the dollars by paying out marks to support the fixed exchange rate. Such flows of dollars were closely connected with the monetary disturbances of the times.

I have relied on an article by the First National City Bank for these remarks, and can do no better than to quote the bank's conclusion:

> The international monetary system might well have broken down at some point even without the influence of Regulation Q ceilings in pumping up the Eurodollar market. But U.S. interest-rate restrictions had much to do with the timing of the breakdown in 1971 and not at some later date; and it is certainly true that the effect of sloshing 14 billion Eurodollars back and forth between Europe and the United States in a little less than 24 months could only be severely damaging to a monetary system already weakened by recurring crises in the 1960s. The U.S. monetary authorities have long been unhappy with Regulation Q. William McChesney Martin, former Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, told Congress as long ago as 1969 that he favored removal of Regulation Q ceilings. Testifying before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, he said: "I have testified on a number of occasions that I would like to see Regulation Q ceilings taken off when we reach normal conditions." Alfred Hayes, President of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, similarly urged consideration of an end to interest-rate controls. Speaking before the New Jersey Bankers Association in May 1970, he said: "Finally, I even doubt the validity of the argument that active use of Regulation Q tended to produce a lower general level of interest rates than would otherwise have prevailed [governmental intervention is *always* counterproductive: Why his note of surprise?]. All in all, the time is close when it would be well for the System to start moving away from the imposition of interest-rate ceilings on deposits and related liabilities." Economic controls, though seldom very effective and generally quite disruptive, demonstrate remarkable durability. Regulation Q interest-rate ceilings have run the full gamut of these control characteristics. They should now be taken off the books."

The alternative is free markets. Is that too much to ask? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

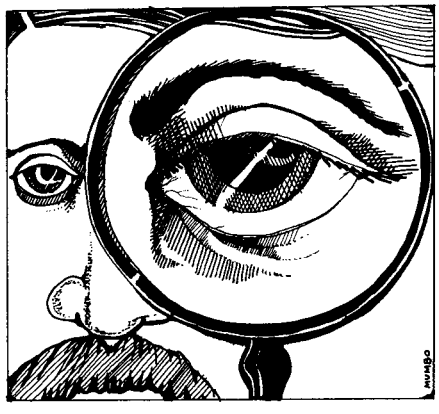
D. KEITH MANO

The Detectives—I

Justice comes in two shades: Light green above, dark green below. The watershed line is persistent and stupid; it exasperates me. Up/down staircase walls, along corridor walls, closet walls, just at my low eye level: as if I were wearing bifocal sunglasses. Ninth Robbery Division, Bronx: a single big room, a paperwork slum, its green-on-green walls made out in quadruplicate. Ceiling paint is all stalactite dog ears. I slant my glasses, turning magnification to HIGH. Fluorescents achieve no more than full-moon efficiency. They enforce squints. Bareness, much floor space, its square footage graphed by rutty vinyl tile. Big men can swing past each other easily. The chairs are sprung and inimical. They provide the sitter with metal hemorrhoids, gratis. The ambience of a small-town bus station at midnight: flat butts; soda cans pinched to svelte hourglass shape; a last half-inch of sugary coffee puddling cup bottoms. To a man they'd rather be out, endangered.

The traffic here is in faces. Men glaring at their own necks; profile, full-face. I pick up a mug shot. I try penetrating it. But these are faces come to rest, unvital: nude to the bones of skull. The merest animation, I think, would be an impenetrable disguise. The lineup is outmoded though. Your suspect has an Afro, say: Then you've got to find three-four men with Afros, same height, same build. You need the casting lady at Ashley-Famous. The detectives of Ninth Robbery barter photographs like we kids used to trade Topps baseball cards. I'll give you two supermarket operators for that liquor-store man. Associative minds: Minor and major terms of the metaphor are noses, coloring, MOs. Anybody got a six-two, freckles, with scar tissue under the eye? Supermarket man. Once pull a supermarket, you never want to do anything else. It's a vocation.

I know Detective Muller. I've just met Detective Silverman. Muller is greying; prematurely, he insists. Round-faced, just a bit portly, but athletic—cunning at the geometry of four-wall handball. He appears to float as he walks. Doesn't drink; has a sweet tooth; smokes with both hands; has only once seen a film rated over GP. Family man.



Gentle—and yet Muller is one of the men on New York City's police force most decorated for bravery. I've seen him work. Interrogating a suspect he is considerate, sympathetic, paternal . . . until the man resists unfairly or lies. And then the change is chemical, deep—fierce, but nearer indignation than fury. Muller has been insulted. The voice doesn't rise, yet it is unbearable: It returns men to a sudden second childhood. I remember Dryden's line, "Beware the anger of an honest man."

Silverman is on edge, all-electric. A live-in cop. Forty-two, bachelor, getting his degree in criminology. Handsome but slight. An achiever: something of a showman. They call him Silky. Seems to be on the scene before the scene is on. If he's eating dinner, some poor jerk pulls a holdup across the street. While he's shaving in the morning, a con man raps on the door. Silverman handcuffs him, advises of rights, finishes shaving. His dedication is awesome: A metabolic thing, he can't help it. Silverman is off-duty tonight, but putting in a full shift. He makes more collars than a haberdasher and all over the city: This embarrasses the Department. You're supposed to arrest people in your own division. It looks neater on the quintuplicate forms.

We ride in an unmarked car. I'm nervous. I've just acquired the reprint rights on my own death or dismemberment. The Police Department has no responsibility for me: I've signed a release. Muller and Silverman chat, but their eyes cruise with the car, pigeonholing events. Friday night sidewalks are incomprehensible to me. Look for an older woman or an invalid, then someone following. I see not at all: Coca-Cola signs maybe or PIZZA 35¢. I am irritated to my dentine by sputter blare on the radio, a shouted conversation held over loud frying bacon. Yet the detectives hear as they see, economically: compartmented minds. It's cold out, but windless, pleasant. And quiet in the division: Cold is your best policeman. The car slows.

A young man has been waiting on the corner. He plops against Silverman in the back seat, some drinking buddy out for a big night. Handshakes around. I am given a cover: social worker. The boy is black, has too many smiles. Also too articulate for my taste: He says meticulous and facetious in the first sentence. His vision jackknifes off sideways, almost spastic, as if he were doubly wall-eyed. A holdup man. He will be indicted Monday. Now he's an informer, trying to make a parley. I wouldn't give much for his chances.

We sit in a diner booth. Muller takes out the pad of yellow foolscap: chews his pen. Affable. He inspires confidence; confidences. The kid wants to please him. But it had better be good. He knows that. The kid's hands take off from his lap like fat monarch butterflies. Almost effeminate. I can't believe this is a holdup man. But I suspend incredulity. Muller has told me stories. I recall the bank robber with a toy gun who yelled Bang-Bang in frustration when patrolmen got the drop on him. The kid lists maybe a dozen robberies: date, address, cast of characters. Also, as a special introductory bonus, two

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homicides. But in Brooklyn. Not a thing in the Ninth Division. Muller and Silverman are disgusted, other detectives will prosper. A good informer is pure gold. The average robbery produces no positive identification, no traceable goods. Open-and-shut cases: just paperwork. We let the kid out on a different, far corner. He has taken risks tonight. His confederates would not be amused. Muller has a foolscap sheet of data but he is skeptical. He will have a week's checking to do. And in Brooklyn.

I wonder about these men. Home, the barbecue, some TV; then, perhaps an hour later, pick up someone who wouldn't half mind killing you. Wrestle with your kids; wrestle an armed man to the pavement. On a Christmas morning some years ago, Muller and his partner captured the Mad Dog Killer of Harlem in a desperate, running three-block gunfight: then home to presents, the tree, season's greetings. How the gastric juices must work, tidally. Yet they seem unable to comprehend the novelist's question. It's a job. Muller, I know, never discusses his work at home. But he smokes. Silverman smokes. Ashtrays fill easily in the green-on-green room. The Surgeon General's warning must have a distant, wistful unreality.

We drop Silverman at Division. He has collars to make on his night off. There is a flap on. A seven-year-old girl is missing or kidnaped. Or staying with her grandmother. No one knows. We drive toward the South Bronx. □

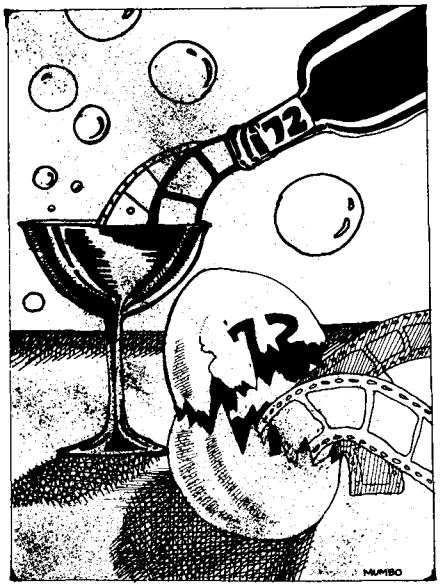
FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Vintage '72, and the Dregs

As the editor of an obscure little conservative journal would say, and does: *numero unius, exclusio alterius.* Nevertheless, the time for picking one (or some) and excluding others is upon us. Here, timed to coincide with Oscar week, is *NR*'s roundup of the best and worst of 1972's offerings on the silver screen. (An asterisk indicates that I reviewed the film in these pages during the past year.)

Five stand together as superlative. *Cabaret** presents Liza Minnelli, Joel



Grey, and pre-Hitler Berlin in a drama-musical of tremendous power and conviction, one of the few films in years worth seeing again. Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers** tugs forcefully at the heart; it bathes the viewer in barely contained despair relieved only slightly by a touch of hope. Liv Ullmann is magnificent in that film and also in *The Emigrants**, a saga of the nineteenth-century making of America. Not only does Jan Troell refuse to compromise his film by abbreviating its scope to the point of clipped vignette; he lays right on the line an incontrovertible fact: The United States was in fact a promised land for Europe's discontenteds.

John Boorman's *Deliverance* is a stunning showcase for Jon Voight's talents and for James Dickey's symbolism-heavy novel. The thrust of this splendidly realized movie of men confronting nature and themselves is sustained throughout, aided considerably by its wilderness setting and moments of musical brilliance. Ranking also among these five best is *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, an acidic slash at social hypocrisy executed with very fine razor blades wielded by one of the cinema's true old masters, Luis Buñuel.

Junior Bonner came and went, scarcely noticed. But excellent acting by Steve McQueen, Ida Lupino, and Robert Preston and an unabashedly individualistic theme make it deserving of re-release. *Malcolm X** and *Sounder** deal with two facets of American Negro experience, one a documentary, the other a fictionalized treatment, both honest and direct. Another very special documentary is Marcel Ophuls' *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a steel-hard evocation of Nazi-occupied France. Italy at a slightly earlier time, also under Fascism, comes alive in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**, almost ignored owing to its appearance at the same time as *Cabaret*, yet controlled, understated, taut.

Fantasy rarely succeeds on the screen; *Slaughterhouse-Five**, Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s tale of time and lives warped, did —admirably. One horror film transcended the usual blather of that genre: Claude Chabrol's *Le Boucher**. And two movies (sub-species: historical) triumphed, though again both failed to draw their deserved audiences: *1776*, the painless way to learn about those revolutionary giants haggling over the Declaration, and *The Trojan Women**, which should have reawakened a popular interest in that great pacifist classic, but didn't.

The old-fashioned robbers-and-robbers flick returned delightfully in *The Getaway**, another neat role for Steve McQueen. Paul Newman's directorial talents glittered in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, based closely on Paul Zindel's play about a woman unable to bring order out of her wasted life or share happiness with her very special daughters. Joanne Woodward, Nell Potts (the Newmans' daughter), and Roberta Wallach lift *Marigolds* far above the maudlin. *The Rowdyman** breezed in from Canada and disappeared; a great pity, since this story of a young man at odds with himself speaks volumes quite unpretentiously. Finally, for connoisseurs of upbeat porn: Warhol's *Heat*; and for aficionados of the finely wrought whodunit (or, here, what-hath-they-dun-it): Joseph L. Mankiewicz' *Sleuth*, brilliantly written by Anthony Shaffer and gloriously acted by Sir Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

ALTHOUGH 1972 offered several vintage movies, it, like every year, delivered up a bumper crop of pap, trash, and the meretricious. Like Muzak, pap is everywhere. Most notable in that category: *Avanti!**; *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*, with those damn monkeys again, oppressed by you-know-who; *Fuzz**; *Limbo* (POW wives and their cheapened traumata); *Poseidon Adventure**; *Play It as It Lays**; and *Bluebeard*, with Richard Burton working out his aggressions for keeps.

Unlike pap, which is valueless but palatable, trash is simply pointless. The

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film is our trash medium par excellence. Witness this year's *Black Girl, Shaft's Big Score, The Man, The Legend of Nigger Charley*, and a SNCC-ful of sepia-hued cheapies; plus, among those in the unspeakable category: *I Want What I Want*, destined to set transsexualism back decades; *Tales from the Crypt* (and don't tell *me* there's death after death); and *Frenzy**, Hitchcock unhitched.

But the very worst, absolutely the dregs of the film barrel, are those deceptive, insincere, tawdry, vulgarly alluring staples of the cinema, the meretriciously pretentious. This sort of film is best realized in political Message Movies. *The Assassination of Trotsky, The Candidate, Fritz the Cat, Hail*, and *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine** come to mind (if, mercifully, briefly); each puts art to the task of pushing political Truth. Neither socialist-realist "art" nor this sort of flicker works very well very often. I mustn't forget to mention the most meretricious movie of the year, *Portnoy's Complaint**, which attempted the grand psychological analysis coupled with the majestic snicker, and stank.

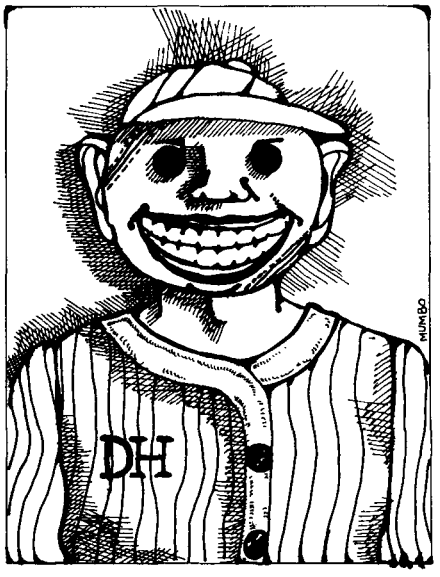
Two films elude classification here; each was partially successful but seriously marred. *The Godfather** is, of course, *the* goldmine of our time, but I can't warm to it; and *Everything You've Always Wanted To Know about Sex but Were Afraid to Ask** reflects Woody Allen's genius but also his untamed whimsy at its least satisfying. □

SPORT

JOHN C. SMITH

Baseball's New Face

Back in the days when "Saigon" meant an Alan Ladd movie, there were eleven first-stringers on each football team. They spent a full sixty minutes battering each other, while lesser wights fretted on the bench. Now we are in an age of specialization. The fan must cope with ends, split and tight; linebackers, strong, middle, and weak; quarterbacks, dropback and rollout; guards, pulling and otherwise; and, best of all, safeties, strong and free. Men devote their careers to kicking, and to thwarting kickers. The team that hits the hardest still wins. But now, there are more people involved. Football evolved, from a simple but regulated brawl, to a complex and still regulated



brawl. The game is more exciting now, and the fans love it.

While all this was going on, dear old baseball was meandering along as it had for so many years. Oh, the gloves got bigger and the ball got livelier, but the verities were indeed eternal. No more. The American League has gone and done it: A designated hitter (DH) has been instituted and, if this is the first step toward platoon baseball, well, remember, it all started with football.

The rule change is basically simple. Each team will pick a tenth man to hit for the pitcher, who traditionally can't hit anyhow. As the designated hitter can appear anywhere in the order, it can lead to all sorts of useful combinations.

Thoughts turn to the Tigers of Detroit and the Twins of Minnesota, who have entire teams of designated hitters, and to the Red Sox of Boston, who had the good sense to acquire Orlando Cepeda. The Brothers Alou could entitle a joint autobiography, *Ma Nuit Chez Ruth*. The Rangers of Texas should get a long, productive summer from Rico Carty. Power is the desideratum but one manager, the Orioles' Earl Weaver, was thinking of using Don Buford as a leadoff DH, until Buford defected to the Lions of Fukuoka. As Jerry Izenberg wrote in the *Newark Star-Ledger*, "When the Orioles of Baltimore send a guy away, baby, the Orioles of Baltimore send a guy away."

If the thinking is sound, the DH will bring much more action. For action, in baseball, does not begin until the bat hits the dratted ball, at which time everybody starts running wildly all over the place. Or so the theory goes.

But, aha! Consider the pitcher. When the pitcher, often through no fault of his own, gets on base it tires him. Also, he has to think up there at the plate: think of bunting, think of keeping out of harm's way. It tends to take his mind off his duty, which is pitching. Now, without having to clutter his mind with offensive thoughts, the pitcher can devote all his energies to his primary function. As some astute authorities have pointed out, it could make him meaner than ever.

Where will it end? Joe Cronin, President of the American League, has said designated runners are possible in the future. And, if the experiment is successful, perhaps a second DH will be added, so the catcher or that good-field, no-hit second baseman won't have to clutter *his* mind with problems of hitting. And so on.

Baseball, as we know it, it won't be. The record books will have row upon row of asterisks, and records are what baseball fans are supposed to love. Traditionalists deplore the rule change. After all, if it was good enough for Abner Doubleday, it is good enough for them. There are dark mutterings about checks and balances being thrown out of kilter.

But baseball will become a better, more pure game. Men of specialized ability will be able to make careers for themselves. Unlike football, there will still be a premium on the well-rounded athlete able to go both ways, simply because baseball players don't take the thrashing of an afternoon that football players do. The DH should bring more ginger into the American League's game and gate—eight of twelve AL teams lost money last year, with only three teams drawing more than a million fans. Above all, the American League is competing, in an industry which has long been complacent. □

D. Keith Mano's visit with the detectives concludes next issue. . . . John C. Smith, a free-lance, lives in Baltimore but roots for the Athletics of Oakland.

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BOOKS

The Great Pop Critic

Deeper into Movies
By Pauline Kael
Little, Brown, 458 pp., $12.95

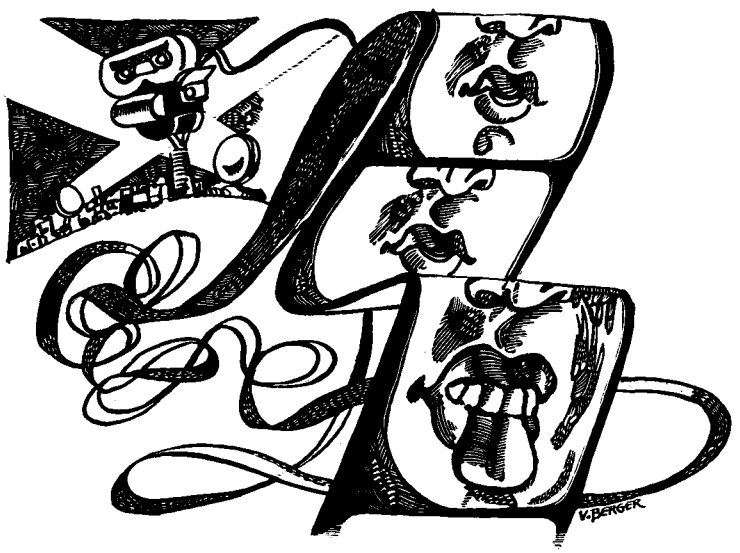
JOHN SIMON

No one sufficiently interested in film to read on beyond this point needs to be told what a new collection of Pauline Kael's reviews from *The New Yorker* is all about or reassured that it is worth reading. At the risk of redundancy, I will nevertheless say that *Deeper into Movies* is worth rereading even if one enjoyed the pieces as they came out; Miss Kael's zest, wit, sharpness, knowledgeableness, and juicy idiosyncrasies shine on unabated. Miss Kael has become so much of a mythic phenomenon and household commodity, a still voice lurking at the back of many an unconscious and thundering critical avalanche gathering adherents as it rampages on, that it is time to assess the manifestation itself. Who is Pauline Kael really, and what can be done with, or about, her?

It is possible to get the essence of this collection, and therewith the essence of Pauline Kael, by reading the last two pieces in it: "Alchemy," which is a panegyric to *The Godfather*, and "Collaboration and Resistance," which begins with a list of films that opened between March '71 and March '72 and made this, for her, "a legendary period in the movies." We must ask ourselves then why so astute a critic would proffer as summit achievements *The Conformist*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Murmur of the Heart*, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, *Cabaret*, and *The Godfather*? To be sure, *Murmur of the Heart* is a delightful little music-box of a film, and *Cabaret* a big, flawed but still quite effective contraption; the rest, however, range from slick commercialism, through pretentious posturing, to downright junk. And, on a slightly lower level, Miss Kael enshrines even *Made for Each Other* and *Billy Jack*!

I would say that Miss Kael suffers from two rather touching (because profoundly human) but deleterious (because profoundly uncritical) fallacies: one social and one existential. The existential fallacy consists in confusing movies with life or, more precisely, using film as a surrogate for life—being so involved in living the movies that one cannot properly evaluate them. Repeatedly Miss Kael comes out, in this as in her previous collections, in defense of certain kinds of trash. Thus *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* earns high marks even if it is "slick" and "whorey" and "unabashedly commercial"—after all, "it's so damned easy to be cultured." "Sometimes when things go terribly wrong in a movie," we are told elsewhere, "it's more fun than if they'd gone right." A piece of moral and aesthetic garbage like *The Honeymoon Killers* comes in for some left-handed compliments because it resembles the old Republic cheapies. A contemporary comedian's rage "could become a lasting part of our culture, like Edgar Kennedy's slow burn." Well, if that's what culture consists of, it is indeed damned easily come by.

The bad old formulaic movies are faintly praised for having at least tried to give the audience *something*; it is acknowledged that "some fine American movies were made as plain, honest jobs of hack work." (Significantly, no names mentioned.) Defensively, Miss Kael declares: "I don't trust critics who care only for the highest and the best; it's an inhuman position, and I don't believe them. I think it's simply their method of exalting themselves." In other words, highbrows are ipso facto phonies. Protesting against the genteel qualities of *Long Ago, Tomorrow*, she affirms, "I can enjoy a sleazy, silly old movie," and proceeds to equate, more or less, vulgarity with vitality. Refinement and tidiness are qualities she profoundly mistrusts. Characteristically, the term "classic" becomes a mild pejorative: One film has a "classical, middlebrow banality," another "feels like a 'classic,' and that's not how a film that really speaks to us feels," and in still another "tired expertise" is equated with a "classical" quality. Con-



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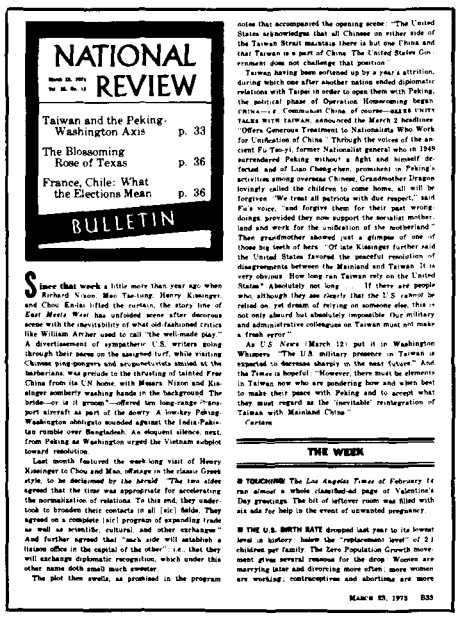

NATIONAL REVIEW

Taiwan and the Peking-Washington Axis p. 33

The Blossoming Rose of Texas p. 36

France, Chile: What the Elections Mean p. 36

BULLETIN

Since that week a little more than year ago when Richard Nixon, Mao Tse-tung, Henry Kissinger, and Chou En-lai lifted the curtain, the story line of East-West War has unfolded scene after dexterous scene with the inevitability of what old-fashioned critics like William Archer used to call "the well-made play." A divertissement of sympathetic U.S. writers going through their paces on the assigned turf, while visiting Chinese ping-pongers and acupuncturists smiled at the barbarians, was prelude to the thawing of tainted Free China from its UN home with Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger somberly washing hands in the background. The bride—or is it groom?—offered ten long-range "transport aircraft as part of the dowry. A low-key Peking-Washington obbligato sounded against the India-Pakistan rumble over Bangladesh. An eloquent silence, next, from Peking as Washington urged the Vietnam subplot toward resolution.

Last month featured the week-long visit of Henry Kissinger to Chou and Mao, offstage in the classic Greek style, to be declaimed by the herald. "The two sides agreed that the time was appropriate for accelerating the normalization of relations. To this end, they undertook to broaden their contacts in all [sic] fields. They agreed on a complete [sic] program of expanding trade as well as scientific, cultural, and other exchanges." And further agreed that "each side will establish a liaison office in the capital of the other"; i.e., that they will exchange diplomatic recognition, which under this other name doth smell much sweeter.

The plot then swells, as promised in the program notes that accompanied the opening scene: "The United States acknowledges that all Chinese on either side of the Taiwan Strait maintain there is but one China and that Taiwan is a part of China. The United States Government does not challenge that position."

Taiwan having been softened up by a year's attrition, during which one after another nation ended diplomatic relations with Taipei in order to open them with Peking, the political phase of Operation Homecoming began. CHINA—i.e., Communist China, of course—AGREES UNITY TALKS WITH TAIWAN, announced the March 2 headlines. "Offers Generous Treatment to Nationalists Who Work for Unification of China." Through the voices of the ancient Fu Tso-yi, former Nationalist general who in 1949 surrendered Peking without a fight and himself defected, and of Luo Cheng-chen, prominent in Peking's activities among overseas Chinese, Grandmother Dragon lovingly called the children to come home, all will be forgiven. "We treat all patriots with due respect," said Fu's voice, "and forgive them for their past wrongdoings, provided they now support the socialist motherland and work for the unification of the motherland." Then grandmother showed just a glimpse of one of those big teeth of hers. "Of late Kissinger further said the United States favored the peaceful resolution of disagreements between the Mainland and Taiwan. It is very obvious. How long can Taiwan rely on the United States? Absolutely not long. If there are people who, although they see clearly that the U.S. cannot be relied on, yet dream of relying on someone else, this is not only absurd but absolutely impossible. Our military and administrative colleagues on Taiwan must not make a fresh error."

As *U.S. News* (March 12) put it in Washington Whispers: "The U.S. military presence in Taiwan is expected to decrease sharply in the near future." And the Times is hopeful: "However, there must be elements in Taiwan now who are pondering how and when best to make their peace with Peking and to accept what they must regard as the 'inevitable' reintegration of Taiwan with Mainland China."

Cartem

THE WEEK

■ TOUCHING: *The Los Angeles Times* of February 14 ran almost a whole classified-ad page of Valentine's Day greetings. The bit of leftover room was filled with six ads for help in the event of unwanted pregnancy.

■ THE U.S. BIRTH RATE dropped last year to its lowest level in history, below the "replacement level" of 2.1 children per family. The Zero Population Growth movement gives several reasons for the drop. Women are marrying later and divorcing more often; more women are working; contraceptives and abortions are more

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Good prepub trade notices for Wilfried Strik-Strikfeldt's *Against Stalin and Hitler 1941-1945: Memoirs of the Russian Liberation Movement*, in which the author played a key role (John Day, $8.95). . . . Harry (*How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*) Browne pens a libertarian's credo, *How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World* (Macmillan, $7.95). . . . Britain's Hugh Ross Williamson fashions an historical novel about Catherine de' Medici, *The Florentine Woman* (St. Martin's, $6.50). . . . *A Victorian Son* is the first volume of Stuart Cloete's autobiography (John Day, $7.95).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: Ex-*Look*ers Melvin J. Grayson and Thomas R. Shepard Jr. take the doomsayers apart in *The Disaster Lobby* (Follett, $7.95). . . . Nabokov's latest is a collection of his Twenties and Thirties fiction, originally in Russian: *A Russian Beauty and Other Stories* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95). . . . Peter Berger's new one is a collaboration with Brigitte Berger and Hansfried Kellner, *The Homeless Mind: An Approach to Modern Consciousness* (Random, $6.95). . . . Fuehrer aide Gerhard Boldt was eyewitness to *Hitler's Last Days* (Coward, $5.95). . . . *Stephen A. Douglas* is a big bio by Robert W. Johannsen, editor of the Little Giant's letters (Oxford, $17.50).

■ PAPERBACKS: *One Hand Clapping* is a reprint of an early Anthony Burgess (Ballantine, $1.25). . . . Scott R. French hopes his *New Earth Catalog* picks up where *Whole* left off (Putnam, $4). . . . Joe Lash's *Eleanor and Franklin* out now for Signet ($1.95), which also promises Anne Morrow Lindberg's *Promises To Keep* (April, $1.50). . . . Solzhenitsyn's *Nobel Lecture* now out in a bilingual edition (Noonday, $1). . . . Not to worry, say Dr. Edward R. and Cathey Pinckney about *The Cholesterol Controversy* (Sherbourne, $3.95). . . . Manor Books, a new imprint, has just revived Jack London's *Burning Daylight* ($1.25). . . . James Wechsler's *In a Darkness* tells about son Michael's life and suicide (Ace, April, $1.25). . . . *The Summer Game* collects Roger Angell's stylish baseball writing from *The New Yorker* (Popular Library, $1.50). . . . *Existential Errands* assembles Mailer's recent articles (New American Library, $1.75).

■ BOOK INDUSTRY STATISTICS: Hardbound books published in 1972 up marginally from 1971 to 38,053, of which over 73 per cent were new titles. Average price of a new book actually dropped, from $13.25 to $12.99. . . . New paperbacks in 1972 numbered 10,230, about the same as in 1971. Average price of a mass-market paperback rose from $1.01 to $1.12, but quality paperbacks dipped from $5.08 back down to $4.24. Remember when they all cost a quarter?

versely, *Is There Sex after Death?* is, at least in part, "*Mad* Magazine sophomoric in the best sense . . ."

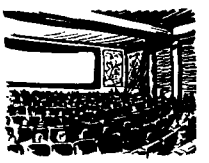
"There is a sweet, naive feeling in *Billy Jack*," we learn, "even when it's atrocious"; apropos of *Fiddler on the Roof*, we are told that in "movies vulgar strength has been a great redemptive force, canceling out niggling questions of taste." Elsewhere, Miss Kael announces that "your whole primitive moviegoer's soul cries out" for the beleaguered heroine to pull the trigger; she admits that "movies more than satisfy my appetite for trash." What made *Bringing Up Baby* great was "that it was a *romance*"—an italicized romance, no less.

What emerges from collating these bits of ludicrous overpraise or pathetic true confessions is that the shoddy films Miss Kael extols all possess one or more of the following characteristics: They are reminiscent of the kind of movies she uncritically devoured in her early years; they exalt so-called healthy vulgarity as a way of life or filmmaking; they undermine the middle-class values from which Miss Kael sometimes (though not consistently) wishes to feel liberated; and they feature a homely or butch heroine who nevertheless achieves romantic fulfillment.

It is almost dotting the i's to point out that these are the hallmarks of filmgoing for purposes of wish fulfillment, escape, rebellion against parental authority, and nostalgia. They are all to a greater or lesser degree immature and neurotic, and though they perfectly validate movie-buff sentiments, they are not quite so satisfactory as critical apparatus. Perhaps the clearest proof of this existential fallacy—in this case of the use of film as a sex surrogate—lies in the very titles of Miss Kael's four books: *I Lost It at the Movies*, *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*, *Going Steady*, and now *Deeper into Movies*. Of course, a critic is human and must be expected to have his little human peculiarities and weaknesses that will color his criticism. But if he is a responsible critic as well as a slaphappy consumer, he will try to detach and distance himself a little and, not repress his idiosyncrasies, but recognize and label them as such.

Even more pronounced, however, is Miss Kael's social fallacy, her need to use film as a way to become part of a great, powerful, cozy, convivially laughing, crying, and booing mass, The Audience, for whom she is filled with childish love, maternal recriminations, and the shrill love-hate of an hysterical inamorata. There is hardly a page in this collection on which Miss Kael does not dispense accolades or spankings to her fellow moviegoers, does not agonize about why they loved some violent, brutal scenes, or rejoice at their lapping up something she herself relished.

MOVIES (the demotic term she prefers to the more formal "film") should be, she keeps insisting, "a great popular, democratic art form," and she delights in those "best popular movies [that] come out of a merger of commerce and art," that succeed in "blurring the distinction" between "high" and "popular." Accordingly, "you get a good feeling when you're in an audience that spontaneously breaks into applause for outrageously silly jokes," and you have a soft spot even for those old-time "generally tawdry films [that] contributed to our national identity—such as it was."



It is so that a paean to the gross and inept Liz Taylor ends with "She's Beverly Hills Chaucerian, and that's as high and low as you can get."

These, clearly, are the views of a loner yearning to become part of the community, of a person endowed with superior intelligence but gladly willing to sacrifice some (though not all) of it for the sake of warming herself on the bosom of the crowd. In this way Pauline Kael strives to become, despite certain misgivings, the Great Pop Critic,

John Simon *is film critic for* The New Leader. . . . **Harry V. Jaffa** *is Professor of Political Science at Claremont Men's College.* . . . **Eugene D. Genovese**'*s latest book is* In Red & Black: Marxian Explorations in Southern and Afro-American History *(Pantheon).* . . . **Patricia S. Coyne** *is a frequent contributor to* NR.

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and succeeds, not completely but alarmingly enough.

If, however, you feel that art is not in the smelting of high and low, not in the kicking over of the priorities of searching penetrancy and uncompromising effort to express the ineffable; if, in short, you believe that art, though it keeps its doors open to all who care to enter, is not a democratic fun house but a place of comic or tragic insight available fully only to an enlightened perception—a spiritual aristocracy—Pauline Kael is not your critic, even if she may at times concur with you in spite of herself. She is a lively writer with a lot of common sense, but also one who, in a very real sense, is common. □

FICTION

Do You Hear Them?
By Nathalie Sarraute; translated by Maria Jolas
Braziller, 147 pp., $5.95

The Snare
By Elizabeth Spencer
McGraw-Hill, 407 pp., $7.95

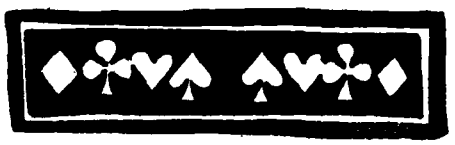
ENNUI AND EVIL

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Do You Hear Them? is French—experimentally thin, enigmatically underplotted. A middle-aged connoisseur has invited a friend in to view an acquisition—a pre-Columbian statue. His children enter. One of the girls remarks, "That reminds one rather of Cretan sculpture."

The children retreat upstairs. They laugh together. The host and his friend sit over the statue, catching wafts of laughter, and the book thunders to a close.

The emphasis, quite obviously, is not on the action. Miss Sarraute instead sets out to dramatize inner happenings, her work confining itself to the connoisseur's consciousness and every flicker of emotion felt during the few temporal moments of the story's duration.



The catalyst for these emotions is the children's laughter. "Do you hear them . . . Lighthearted. Young. Carefree. Anything makes them laugh." Thus he tries to convince himself, but in reality he believes that his children are laughing at him and his commitment to art. And because he is unsure of the validity of that commitment, his children's laughter becomes an act of derision against which he must defend himself.

The children are lovable, evil, barbaric, fey, vivacious, lazy—all according to the father's flashing impulses, these impulses producing scenes of exaggerated mental drama. He throws himself at his children's feet, "encircles their knees with his arms." Or again he leaps on the girl for her Cretan-sculpture opinion, he bites her, she calls a representative from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, etc., etc. (Or, perhaps more appropriately, *et ainsi soit-il.*)

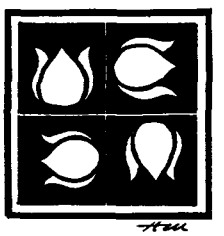
The connoisseur is presumed sane. And yet the distinctions here between sanity and insanity break down, for the state of sanity presupposes the rejection of myriad impulses, the lack of which rejection equals insanity. But if, in a novel, the act of rejection is subordinate to the impulses to be rejected—if in fact it is not considered at all—then the question of the sanity of a character becomes moot.

Virginia Woolf sometimes employed the technique, of course, but Virginia Woolf actually suffered periods of insanity—periods in which the mechanism that sifts and rejects impulses became inoperative. She was, therefore, writing life as she knew it. But for a whole gaggle of perfectly sane authors to follow Miss Woolf down literary paths of madness does the psychological novel a disservice. The drama of the life of the mind lies in selecting among impulses, after all, and not in the quality of the impulses themselves. And to ignore this process is to ignore the better half of a human character. It is, in short, a self-indulgent exercise—an enervating trip down a boring dead-end road.

NATHALIE SARRAUTE too narrowly limits the scope of her work. But Elizabeth Spencer overindulges. Her heroine, Julia Garrett—a fine girl, good bones, good blood (molested in childhood by her adoptive grandfather)—weaves her surefooted way through a New Orleans world of aristocrats, murderers, millionaires, jazzmen, junkies, and one hopped-up Manson-type preacher, acting on all the wrong impulses as she goes.

She has an affair with a young aristocrat who loses at Russian roulette, a Southern Baptist millionaire, a hippie musician who goes on trial for the murder of the hopped-up preacher (the preacher eventually reappears and debauches her), and she ends up with a fat balding newsman and a baby, neither of them connected. And there's an insurance man in there somewhere too, but they only kiss—I think.

But despite the lurid story line, there is no special attempt at pornography here, and there's every indication that the author is attempting to make a social statement garnished with artistic pretensions. "She saw too much and could have screamed with the seeing. All too much seeing is a failure of love. . . . The great life snare, who's not in that? We're all in it together, in the great muddy stream flowing toward the sea."



Steamy Faulkner without the genius. An attempt to magnify characters beyond their artistic significance—a case of limited perspective or intelligence, or both. And it shows in her theme. The theory seems to be that if you are pushed or can push yourself far enough into an atmosphere antithetical to the eternal verities—into, in fact, evil—then you emerge on the other side into freedom.

Julia Garrett is a very nice girl, but her childhood seduction leaves her with a sense that she can find fulfillment in evil. And she finds it. In the end, she is kidnaped by the hophead, fed heroin, and enjoys a group orgy. The preacher has "saved" her by "defining" her. Evil is the "evil-challenge," the response to it is the response to a "life source." And the baby Julia bears will be free from "Worry, Duty, all that fretful crew," will "not only live but really live, be more saint than monster, be more human than either."

Elizabeth Spencer, Vanderbilt MA, Guggenheim Fellow, wears basic black in the cover photo and looks as if she's ready to pour from the family silver service. And she's writing about how *nice* evil is. If novels really reflect the condition of society, if art imitates life, we're in trouble. □

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Booker T. Washington: The Making of a Black Leader—1856-1901
By Louis R. Harlan
Oxford, 379 pp., $10.95

A STRONG MAN'S TRAGEDY—AND OURS

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Booker T. Washington was a bad man. He compromised with those strong enough to kill him and trample his people. He countenanced racial segregation in a period when he had no choice. He built a political machine that functioned like a political machine instead of a knitting circle. He rewarded his friends and ruthlessly punished his enemies and, what is worse, got away with it. His whole life in fact consisted of a perverse recitation of liberal no-nos. This litany has been familiar in recent years, so we ought not to be surprised at its reappearance even in Louis R. Harlan's new and superior biography.

PROFESSOR Harlan of the University of Maryland, editor of the *Booker T. Washington Papers*, is not just one more liberal historian. An impeccable, sensitive, judicious scholar, he has given us the carefully researched, thoughtful book we had a right to expect of him. We shall not need another biography of Washington for a long time. Those who would challenge his interpretations will have to begin with his book, for as ably as he has defended his own point of view, he has provided grounds for its refutation.

Booker T. Washington's life reads like a black Horatio Alger story. Born a slave in Virginia, he worked day and night to get an education, earn a living, and make a man out of himself. Largely through his own effort but also with help from some friendly whites he attended Hampton Institute and caught the eye of its head, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong. With Armstrong's backing, he went on to the leadership of Alabama's new Tuskegee Institute, which he had to build virtually from scratch and which he patterned on Hampton.

The rest of the story is familiar: He championed vocational training for blacks; argued that blacks would win acceptance into white America by making themselves economically indispensable; fought to instill a Puritan work ethic into a people who had been raised in a radically different culture; won the admiration and support of powerful Northern as well as Southern big businessmen and politicians; counseled acquiescence in white domination of the South; built a formidable national machine of his own with white money and used it to control the black press and to crush militants who dissented from his strategy; and, in a word, put a black imprimatur on a grim racial settlement.

The economic program has aptly been characterized by Professor Harlan as "peasant conservatism—small property accumulation, education of a practical sort, recognition of the dignity of toil, and 'doing the common everyday things of life uncommonly without a murmur.'" In 1895, Washington electrified the South and soared to national prominence with his famous speech to the Atlanta Exposition. "Cast down your buckets where you are," he urged Southern blacks. You have nowhere to go. Stay put and dig in. Make your labor so valuable that the white South must offer you respect and conditions for advancement as a matter of its own survival. Toward this end he openly accepted social segregation and political quiescence.

HE DID NOT take this course happily. As Harlan shows, he surreptitiously financed court challenges to segregation and did what he could to keep the vote in the hands of at least literate and economically solid blacks. But his star had risen during a period of intense racist reaction, replete with lynchings, disfranchisement, and savage repression on every level. Deserted by Northern Republicans, without allies or resources, his people were at their nadir. Washington maneuvered to save what could be saved—which was not much. He bargained away what had already been lost anyway. It is difficult to see what else he could have done.

Washington's tragedy, as his brilliant critic, W. E. B. Du Bois saw, was that the economic strategy on which he pinned his hopes had no prospects. By the time he advanced it the national economy and the new system of large-scale corporate organization had proceeded so far that, at best, the blacks could hope only to establish a secure place for themselves at the bottom of the social scale. In fact, they could not even do that much. Unlike European immigrants, who had to battle against discrimination and hardship in order to win acceptance in the social and economic order, the blacks had actually experienced considerable deterioration in their condition as a result of unparalleled racist attack. They had, for example, established themselves in a variety of trades in the North as well as the South during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries only to find themselves driven out, not by economic competition, but by terror and violence.

AFTER the fall of the Confederacy they found it extremely difficult to buy land or enter skilled trades no matter how hard they had worked to accumulate money or train themselves. Whites would not sell them land or hire them for skilled work; the homes of the skilled and propertied were burned and looted; and they were murdered with impunity. To expect them to regain their lost positions in the teeth of the postwar reaction was to follow a will o' the wisp. The fight, as Dr. Du Bois saw, could not be waged by individuals in the great tradition of early American self-reliance; it had to be waged by the black community as a whole, and to do so would require political organization and intellectual leadership as well as individual economic effort.

Harlan deals roughly with Washington for his myopia, as well as for his reliance on the patronage of white big businessmen and for his autocratic domination of the black press and organizations and of his own patronage-distributing machine. But again, what choice did he have? His Northern black critics performed an invaluable service in opening fire against him, for in so doing they helped prevent his compromises from becoming principles and his defensive strategy from becoming a way of life. But nowhere in the relative safety of the North, much less in the South, were they able to mobilize the black masses and adopt a successful alternative strategy. It is one thing for

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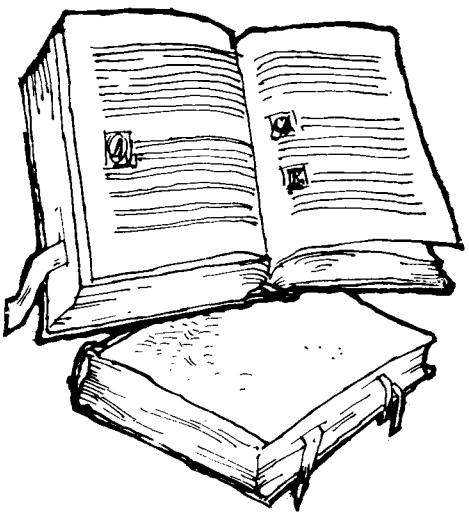
Harlan to point out that Washington's strategy came at a high price and that blacks are still paying for it. It is quite another for him to write as if Washington had another course open to him. If he did, Harlan ought to tell us what it was and how it could have been consolidated in Alabama—or anywhere else for that matter.

To render his criticism plausible Harlan must return to another favorite theme of liberal criticism: Rich and powerful whites, not blacks, created Washington's position of leadership. But this criticism, however valid on the surface, begs the question. Why did not an authentic black leadership rise against him? However that question may be answered, one thing remains clear. The black masses, battered by violence, demoralized by the abandonment of their white allies and the dashing of their post-Emancipation hopes for equality, without political leadership, increasingly demoralized, simply lacked the resources to throw up a leadership that could survive in the face of white hostility. But if so, then Washington, as a transitional leader, did all he or any alternative black leader could have done. He held his people together, defended their honor, rekindled their pride in being black, and bided his time. Unheroic. But necessary.

HARLAN rebukes Washington for pinning "his faith not in equality and democracy but in leadership and discipline." He does not tell us how the struggle of a downtrodden people for equality and democracy of any kind would be possible without leadership and discipline. The criticism sounds all the more strange since blacks today so readily admit that the absence of leadership and discipline—of a strong center capable of creating a cohesive political movement—constitutes their greatest weakness in the battle for equality. Harlan's discomfort with Washington's paternalistic iron rule of both Tuskegee and his national apparatus misses the point. Slavery had been the ultimate paternalistic system, and blacks as well as whites had been molded by it. Washington's methods reflected a profound knowledge of his people and their condition. Harlan seems to think that Washington ought to have introduced "democracy" into his political plantations, but had he done so, neither he nor his work would likely have survived a year, especially in view of the white racist colossus he had to spend every day of his life trying to outmaneuver.

Harlan's criticisms are nonetheless important, for they outline the debilitating long-term consequences of the narrowly economic strategy of racial accommodationism. They constitute criticism of the legacy rather than of the man himself. So far as I can tell from Harlan's probing biography, from the *Booker T. Washington Papers*, which Harlan has so conscientiously been editing for the University of Illinois Press, and from the general record of that disgraceful period in our country's history, Booker T. Washington accomplished as much as he or anyone in his place could have. If, in so doing, he ended in tragedy, that tragedy was also his people's—and ours.

When Harlan picks up the story in his future work—when he turns his full attention to the way in which Washington's machine worked itself out after the famous White House dinner, which closes this book—he will be able to show that Washington transformed every necessity into a virtue to be valued for itself. Once in motion a strategy like Washington's, and indeed the man himself, invariably harden. As time goes on, the defensive value of the strategy wanes and the price keeps mounting. Harlan knows that story better than anyone and undoubtedly has had his eye on the doleful outcome. But I suspect he is making the error of reading too much of the end back into the beginning. In any case, if Washington might have wished for a more sympathetic biographer, he could hardly have found one more professionally scrupulous. □



Abraham Lincoln: Theologian of American Anguish
By Elton Trueblood
Harper, 149 pp., $4.95

CONTRA HERNDON

HARRY V. JAFFA

For more than a century, it seems, there has been no one, instinct with Christian piety, patriotism, and the love of Abraham Lincoln, but has felt the urge to write a book on Lincoln's religion. An astonishing number who have felt this urge have given way to it and seem to have lived better lives thereby, without, so far as I can tell, doing the least harm. Most of these books make excellent reading if for no other reason than that they are filled with moving passages from the greatest master of the English language that American civilization has produced.

It all started shortly after Lincoln's death, when the irrepressible but irresponsible Billy Herndon began lecturing about his old law partner, and imputing to him some of his own brand of free-thinking. Herndon was a typical mid-century liberal intellectual, absorbing like the sands of the Sahara every drop of "advanced" thought. Yet nothing is more unlikely than that Lincoln —who, according to Herndon's own testimony, read very few books, and few of those new ones—was much influenced by the same climate of opinion. But it was Herndon's imputations concerning Lincoln's fidelity that elicited the first great flood of books on Lincoln's religion. Of these books it can, on the whole, be said that they tell us much more about the preachers and Billy Herndon than about Abraham Lincoln. During the war years, when the innumerable representatives of the different churches visited Lincoln—but while Herndon remained in Springfield—the groundwork for Lincoln's alleged conversion was laid. From these interviews came the source materials of many of the books contra Herndon, of which the present one is a descendant. It seems to have occurred to few of the authors of this class that Lincoln, who would have permitted or solicited such interviews only because of their political importance, was bound to send each person away thinking that Lincoln in some way shared

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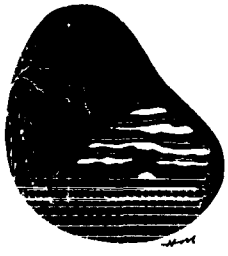
his own deepest convictions. One of my favorite quotations from Lincoln's wartime utterances, one which Mr. Trueblood seems to have missed, is as follows. It is part of Lincoln's reply to a Methodist delegation, May 14, 1864. "Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might appear invidious against any. Yet without this it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the rest, is by its greater numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to heaven than any."



Lincoln was above all a political man. Politics was the heart and soul of his existence, and any attempt to interpret his religious opinions, or his opinions on any other subject, which does not begin, and end, with an interpretation of his politics will always tell us more about the writers than about Lincoln. For example, Mr. Trueblood tells a story of someone in Lincoln's presence lamenting the divided condition of Protestantism. Lincoln is said to have responded, "My good brother, you are all wrong. The more sects we have the better. They are all getting somebody in that the others could not. . . ." Mr. Trueblood finds evidence here of Lincoln's "sophisticated ecumenicity," which indeed it is. However, we suspect that this ecumenicity owes something as well to the proposition, found in *The Federalist* (Number 51), that "in a free government the security for civil rights must be the same as that for religious rights. It consists in the one case in the multiplicity of interests, and in the other in the multiplicity of sects." Among the somebodies whom no church ever got in, was Abraham Lincoln. Yet perhaps it was, in some measure, because of this that in the nation's darkest hours, he spoke more movingly and prophetically of a divided nation's dependence upon God, than any other leader of the Republic. Mr. Trueblood's book, notwithstanding its simple view of a complex subject, is honorable testimony to this great fact. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AMNESTY OF JOHN DAVID HERNDON, *by James Reston Jr. (McGraw-Hill, 146 pp., $5.95).* John David Herndon was wounded in the Tet Offensive during his tour in Vietnam. Preferring desertion to a second tour in Vietnam, he lived a precarious and marginal existence for two years in France. At last he decided to return to the United States and surrender himself to the military authorities as an amnesty test case. James Reston Jr.—as an advocate of universal amnesty—was chosen to chronicle the events of Herndon's return. Probably because Herndon himself proves to be a disappointment, neither hero nor coward, with a political awareness essentially limited to his own predicament, Reston returns again and again to his underlying premise that the Vietnam conflict was illegal and immoral. The deserters, therefore, should be vindicated by an immediate and unconditional amnesty (regardless of peace) for their just refusal to participate in a criminal war. Pragmatically, however, the timing and extent of any amnesty will have to await the amelioration of this type of partisan righteousness and recrimination. It is when forgiveness will reunite the people of a great nation, instead of further separating them, that the moment for amnesty will be with us.

T. CRAWFORD

VISIONS OF CODY, *by Jack Kerouac (McGraw-Hill, 398 pp., $8.95).* This is a wretched book, a mistake. Allen Ginsberg begins it with what has to be the worst introduction in the history of Western letters (since "Howl" Ginsberg has not written anything approaching Remedial English level), and from there it's all downhill. Well, almost. There are flashes of that Kerouac who meant so much to us in the Fifties. The fascination with the essential America that lies out there west of New Jersey, the preoccupation with people American writers can't seem to see any longer—truck drivers, construction workers, waiters, fry-cooks, ex high-school football stars, beautiful small-town cheerleaders turned housewives, early-blooming girls who got pregnant their sophomore year (every high school had dozens), the guys who hung out in the poolrooms, the kids who worked and still work at the Texaco stations. But they show up here only in flashes, and the rest is embarrassingly bad masturbatory stuff, most of which Kerouac had the good sense not to publish during his lifetime. If you haven't read Kerouac, for God's sake don't buy this. Try *On the Road.* If you're a relic of the Fifties, as I am, and if you like to celebrate Kerouac's memory every now and then on a good boozy night, send your $8.95 to the Society To Burn All Unpublished Manuscripts of Recently Expired Authors We Admire.

J. R. COYNE JR.

CZ: *The Story of the California Zephyr, by Karl R. Zimmermann (Starrucca Valley Publications, Starrucca, Pa. 18462, 104 pp., illus., $7.50).* Every train nut thirty or older has "his" train; Zimmermann's is the California Zephyr, which he first rode, and fell immediately in love with, as a boy. Not surprising, what with the Vista-Domes, superb cuisine, scenic route through the Rockies and the Feather River Canyon, and the mingled emotions of excitement and utter well-being that any fine train evoked. The CZ was one of the last luxury trains inaugurated—it made its first run March 20, 1949—and one of the last to go—it perished 21 years later, almost to the day. And it died well, according to Zimmermann: High standards were maintained to the end; plastic flowers never supplanted fresh ones on the dining tables. The author traces the CZ's history and its route, celebrates its comforts, and assembles hundreds of photographs (mostly his own). He writes deftly, sentimentalizing just enough. A beautiful book; perfect for the train nut to read while whooshing over the American West at 35,000 feet in a sealed flying machine, grrrr!

C. H. SIMONDS

THE CHINA TRADE: *Export Paintings, Furniture, Silver, and Other Objects, by Carl L. Crossman (Pyne Press, 275 pp., $25).* Formerly a curator of maritime history at the Peabody in Salem, Massachusetts, and now President of the Childs Gallery, Mr. Crossman has produced a splendid book whose appearance in this time of renewed Sinophilia should draw it considerable attention. It is beautifully illustrated, authoritatively written, very useful in its wealth of new information concerning the China trade. Mr. Crossman combines careful scholarship with a flair for the sort of detective story writing needed to make sense out of this often labyrinthine field. His selection of illustrative examples reveals the broadness of his knowledge and an eye for the bizarre as well. Ernest Dodge, a noted curator, does not exaggerate in his Foreword when observing that *The China Trade* opens new horizons in our knowledge of the cultural manifestations inherited from nearly a century of Sino-American commercial relationships, and that its author is a "catalyst in the field." Mr. Crossman's book on China trade porcelain, scheduled for publication in 1974, will have to be very special indeed, if it is to equal this wholly admirable volume surveying nearly every sort of object traded in that first great phase of American-Chinese intercourse.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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Harry Browne, author of *How You Can Profit From the Coming Devaluation*, the book which accurately predicted the first dollar devaluation in 37 years, and the record gold prices, warns . . .

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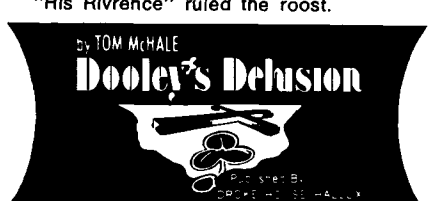
THE OLD TIME SHANTY IRISH RELIGION

When Irish Catholics fought the good fight with Protestants — and themselves.

When the devout could peacefully hear a Latin high mass without loud disturbance by mini-skirted nuns shrieking raucous rock music to jarring guitar accompaniment.

This book brings back the days when "His Rivrence" ruled the roost.



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National Review Magazine

may seem to be traps and ulterior motives.

It is in the context of this political fact—thus isolated and treated as a postulate—that the Vatican consults its traditional certitudes and boldly plays its trumps. Who says politics, says calculations, choices, maneuvering—that is to say, intuition, insight, skill, determination. A political battle is never lost in advance, as a military encounter can be. The political situation—depending essentially on elements of psychology, hence on subtlety and swiftness—is the ideal terrain for feints, surprise attacks, detours, and doublings back, with the givens and the outlook changing at every moment. That is why the danger for the West, in the Vatican's estimation, is no longer military; it has taken another shape, which demands a different strategy. It is henceforth a question of victory from within. Once violence has been rejected, the danger comes from infiltration, indoctrination, and consolidation of power. The problem is no longer at the frontier, but in the voting booth. The bearded specter of Fidel Castro is succeeded by the cold gaze of Salvador Allende.

If the Church seems to have abandoned the front line in the crusade against Communism, it is not only because of a tactical desire to escape the conservative label, but also out of a concern for efficacy. The crusade, as such, had meaning under Pius XI and Pius XII, when Stalinism gave it enormous opportunities and immediate justification. But times have changed, and so have the terms of the contest. Except for matters of basic principle, which for the Church are unchangeable, external events impose a continual re-evaluation of existing conditions and of appropriate means of action. The history of the Church is one of constant adaptations to a changing world; and that is why it still lives, on the ruins of great empires. Besides the intervention of grace, and "*non praevalebunt*," the secret of its survival lies in the care it has always taken to separate the essential from the secondary and to avoid what is irreparable.

The Church's survival lies as well in retaining confidence in youth, in the new resources of each generation, which it must try to illuminate, rather than bend to its will. Youth is perhaps the Church's major problem. It has lost the hold it had on the young before the flourishing of secularism, atheism, and materialism (both Communist and capitalist). To survive, it must reconquer them, and, to do that, it must understand them completely.

The Church must take into account the steady leftward drift of the institutions, the spirit, and the moral climate of Western society. The explosion of May 1968 in France was sudden, perhaps, but not unforeseeable. It was an impulsive, sentimental reaction to long-standing social injustice. And it was not peculiar to France. It was widespread, and the Church needed to define and weigh the history and consequences of this upheaval with care. It had to see the young as they are, in order to help them become what they ought to be—see their generosity and their confu-

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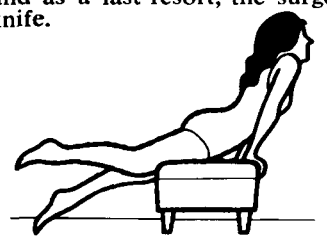

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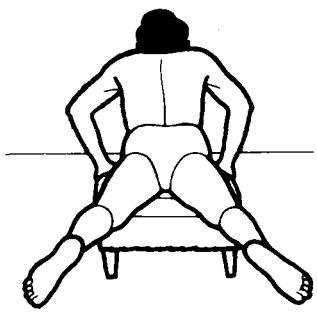

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sion, their enthusiasm and their blindness, their acute sense of brotherhood and their thirst for justice, their unthinking search for a peace they will never find except in the Gospel, but which they will search for in vain if the Gospel remains unknown to them. That is why, in order to go to the young, the Church must try to speak their language, to see, now and then, with their eyes, and not alienate them forever by seeming inflexible and disapproving. Youth must also evolve, and this evolution must be encouraged, and steered in the right direction.

May 1968 brings us back to the Vatican's Ostpolitik. As seen in the supratemporal perspective of which we spoke at the beginning of this analysis, it is a turning point and a point of departure, inserted into the continuous unfolding of a coherent and resolute political strategy. This strategy seems sometimes, in its details, to be marked by concessions, imprudence, or contradictions. One forgets that Rome cannot restrict its fundamental reactions to fit the more limited framework in which local churches operate. There is no contradiction between the Lateran Treaty of 1929 on the one hand, and the probable future agreements with the Communist leaders of Hungary and Poland, Janos Kadar and Edward Gierek, or the existing agreement with Tito. The presence of a Mindszenty is a great reality, but one which pales, all the same, before the spiritual necessities of Hungarian Christianity as a whole; the absorption of the Ukrainian Uniates was deplorable, but would not justify sacrificing the chance to minister to the other Catholics in the USSR. Besides, the true danger for the Church lies more in religious indifference than in militant atheism, which, at least, provokes controversy and interest. Even persecution, in her eyes, is not intrinsically evil, since it can become a source of faith. It is in this light that one must judge the Church's policies toward Communist regimes. It entertains no illusions but does not despair of turning them, finally, to the greater glory of God.

Such, in its broad outline, is the explanation the Holy See gives of its conception of the temporal world, its immediate political objectives, and the continuity of its general design. One can certainly dispute the wisdom, the timeliness, and especially the effectiveness of its execution, but not the coherence of the design itself. □

(Translated by Linda Bridges)

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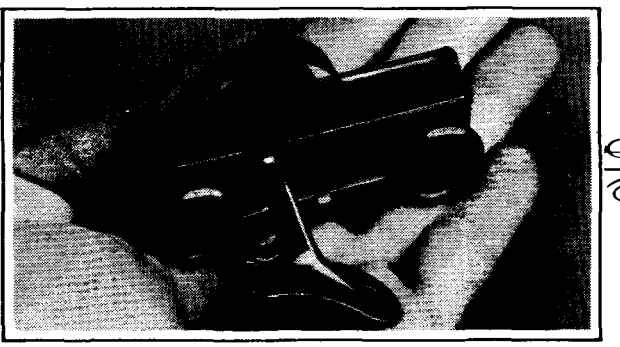

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On The Right

London Crisis

London, March 10—See if you can name the common denominator of the following enterprises. Natural gas production and distribution. Railroads. Selected automobile plants. Schools. Hospitals. That's right, they are all nationalized in Great Britain, and they are at this writing in various stages of inactivity due to strikes. If you look for a common denominator among consumers of gas, railroads, automobiles, schools, hospitals, you find everyone.

Embarrassingly few public commentators in London meditate on the changelessness of it all. In France they are about to vote on the desirability of nationalizing another set of industries on the fundamentalist assumption that when you do that, you usher in a thing called industrial democracy, and industrial democracy is the blessed state of affairs when strikes are not necessary.

MEANWHILE, in Great Britain, economic strife laps up toward the level of the general strike of 1926. The government is Conservative, and is resisting the demands of organized labor on the grounds, utterly plainspoken, that if they are met, England will be catapulted into an inflation from which it would simply not recover. It would dislocate its position in the Common Market, turn the country over into a speculative orgy, ruin her export trade, and cause widespread unemployment. Even so, the young ideologues prattle on about the desirability of nationalization. They do not yet realize that nationalization really doesn't make sense unless with it you get total economic dirigisme.

Now mind you, they might yet try this in England in the current crisis, but the nagging worry is what will happen then. Mr. Heath has stood firm in insisting that wage increases cannot surpass the indicated level. The polls, informally, suggest that he has the backing of the vast majority. It is widely expected that if the labor unions refuse to budge—as they have sworn they will—Heath will call a special election to be fought on the issue of economic stability. Moreover, it is expected that he would win that election triumphantly.

What happens then? An enlarged Conservative majority in the House of Commons backs the Prime Minister when he orders the workers back to work. And then?

That is the nightmare. There is a suicidal obstinacy in the attitude of the unions, a devil-may-care. There were intimations of it in the strike of one year ago and two years ago. But what happens, in a democracy, when the courts order a few hundred thousand people back to work—and they simply don't go back to work? New York City had a mini-experience with that kind of thing when the teachers went out, even though ordered not to by the judges; and before that, when the motormen and the garbage collectors went out.

What happens when defiance is on a national scale? Is it possible, in a country like England, to intimidate several hundred thousand resolute mutineers? What are the mechanics of doing so? Hitler used to cope with the problem of massive resistance in the occupied territories by the simple expedient of taking a few of the leaders at random and hanging them in the public square. England has got out of the habit of that kind of thing. What does she do?

ENGLAND is paying the high cost of an economics of illusion, which chimera socialism builds on. In America we don't go in very much for nationalized industries, mostly because we escaped the doctrinaire liturgy of European socialism. But we laze our way over in the same direction in our own way, and we are coming on to crises not dissimilar to England's.

Consider the teamsters. Now bear in mind that the principal historical rationale for socialism has been unemployment. Well, there is more unemployment in England today than at any time in thirty years. And in America, unemployment is, though not extremely high, high enough to be bothersome.

And yet in San Francisco, if you want to hire a small truck driver as of January 1, 1973, it will cost you $21,674.14 per year. The truck driver himself sees only $14,359. That is not an exiguous sum, but the spread between $14,000 and $21,000 is the tribute paid to government—in part by direct tax on the truck driver, in part by tax to the employer, which is, of course, the same thing.

As the working population begins to fret over the impalpable differential, you get the sclerosis from which England is suffering, and from which America is bound to suffer in due course. There is a single cure for it: economic literacy. But to pass around economic literacy among politicians is like passing about poison draughts. The centralized economic state absolutely depends on the ignorance of the people. But the state will have to devise ways of coping with the inflamed ignorance of the people. The traditional remedy unfortunately happens to be fascism. □

BROADCASTING DILEMMA

London, March 2—Mr. Fred Friendly, Professor of Journalism, consultant to the Ford Foundation, and the originator of a TV documentary, has delivered a most provocative speech, in which he says it flatly and simply that the Nixon Administration is out to censor the news, that it has discovered a way of doing this, that its instrument is Dr. Clay Whitehead, the head of the White House telecommunications office, and that most broadcasters are poltroons. A few observations:

1. It has been the rule ever since the Federal Communications Act was passed that owners of radio licenses need to reapply for said licenses every three years. In the application for renewal it is the practice of a broadcaster to go on quite incontinently about the virtues of said broadcaster, to describe the great benefits that inure to the community as the result of his administration of the facility, and so on. I can think only of testimonials to prospective members of college fraternities, delivered in great and usually vinous length by the applicants' sponsors, by way of social comparison.

NOW up until quite recently, the renewal of a radio and television license was pretty routine. But the spirit of consumerism swept the country in the late Sixties, and it happened that sitting on the Federal Communications Commission was Mr. Nicholas Johnson, an amiable Nader-type

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who has trouble sleeping at night for fear that somebody, somewhere, is making money. As a result, one or two spectacular challenges were made, and the entire industry looked up from its boilerplate exercises in narcissism and began to worry. Senator Pastore of Rhode Island took an interest in the matter and proposed a law that nobody should be permitted to apply for another man's license until that license had been removed from him for delinquency. I found this proposal sound law and sound psychology. It is not appropriate to stress one's advantages as a husband over against the incumbent until after the divorce. But Senator Pastore was beaten by a lobby of consumerists who, having seen Paree, were intoxicated at the prospect of engaging the attention of the FCC and applying for choice licenses in New York, Boston, Los Angeles, or wherever by the simple expedient of describing how much more greatly the new owners would serve the community than the old. Since the stakes are up at $50 million, and the cost of filing an application with the FCC is less than $100,000, hot money rushed in to bathe in this lacuna of broadcasting law.

2. Along comes Mr. Whitehead. He clearly announces himself as a representative of Richard Milhous Nixon, protesting against the uniform bias of radio and television news. And he suggests a deal. If the radio and television stations will themselves agitate for better balanced news analysis from the networks, then the Administration will support a law that stretches the three-year renewal period to five years.

Now Mr. Friendly—and a great many others—are quite incensed by this maneuver. It is their position that the White House is in fact saying to the individual station owner: Look, the news you are getting out of New York and Washington from Cronkite, Sevareid, Brinkley, et al., is slanted (Whitehead's term was "ideological plugola"). Now under the Fairness Doctrine, it is your responsibility to see that there is substantial expression of opposing views. If you fail to exercise pressure on New York and Washington, we will not guarantee that your station licenses will be renewed.

And of course if the threat is that plainspoken, then Mr. Friendly is right, the networks would perish from this earth. At least that part of the network news that is not devoted to golf matches or coronations.

3. What I wonder, however, is why Mr. Friendly and his associates have concentrated their ire on Whitehead. They quite rightly warn that if any broadcaster goes to embarrassing lengths to endear himself with the Nixon Administration, he is going to be an especially conspicuous target for a post-Nixon Administration, and all that will result from the mess is a thorough politicalization of the news—that or an avoidance of it so meticulous as in effect to destroy broadcast journalism.

But surely Mr. Friendly has failed to single out the truly solid institutional solution—which is to let out the licenses permanently. It is their periodic exposure to the travails of renewal that is the club, available to the politicians, through which to express their displeasure. Professor Milton Friedman gave the recommendation years ago: Let the current owners amortize their stations, then let the frequencies be sold at public auction—permanently. And, a most important concomitant—let no one stand in the way of the development of cable television, or pay TV. That way Eric Sevareid could be as biased as he likes, and it is nobody's business but his, his employer's, and the people who tune him on—or off. One hopes that in his passion to combat Whitehead's co-option of the Fairness Doctrine, Mr. Friendly will not marshal his forces against the extension of the licenses. □

MONEY FOR NORTH VIETNAM?

New York, March 6—There are mixed feelings, to say the least, concerning the proposed economic aid to North Vietnam by the United States. Hanoi loosely calls it "reparations," thereby giving aid and comfort to those in this country, who, viewing it as such, are opposed to it. Reparations after all signify one of two things: either the acceptance of a moral debt; or, in the absence of a morally completed formula, the acceptance of defeat. A country can pay reparations—as it is universally hoped Israel will do to Libya, in the case of the destroyed airliner, no final military point having been proven. France, after 1870, paid over huge reparations to the Kaiser's Germany in simple recognition of France having lost the war.

Those in America who are sensitive to the implications of our paying reparations are quite rightly sensitive to the symbolic meaning that might be inferred by the transfer of money to North Vietnam. We do not by any means concede any moral obligation to North Vietnam and we do not by any means concede a military defeat by North Vietnam.

So what is the meaning of a proposed economic aid to North Vietnam? In a curious way, it would have been easier to swallow having decisively beaten North Vietnam. Under such circumstances it might have been accepted as workaday charity by the victor for the vanquished such as was shown by the U.S. a generation ago toward Germany, Italy, and Japan.

But we find ourselves now in the equivocal position: We are a power neither humiliated morally, nor defeated by the enemy. Nor vanquisher of the enemy and yet, they talk routinely about giving North Vietnam $2 or $3 billion, a huge per capita outlay, and huge in its potential implications.

There are those whose opposition is based primarily on the deteriorated balance of payments—we cannot, they thunder, increase our economic debt abroad. This argument, though statistically useful, is defecated, and will not carry the weight of the argument in a controversy in which passions are the primary tender. Those who favor aid to North Vietnam have got to make the point that we are investing via that aid in a stability which is otherwise far less easy to attain, and here is where a little Yankee ingenuity is in order.

There must be a dozen and a half ways of infusing money into North Vietnam of a sort that will not assist it in remounting its war of aggression.

Obviously the $2 billion in aid should be channeled toward the construction of facilities in North Vietnam which are poof!—vulnerable in the event of North Vietnamese treachery. For instance, vast new facilities for Haiphong Harbor combined with a pledge not to put anti-aircraft installations within *x* number of miles of such installations: This is merely suggestive.

And above all, we should call on China and the Soviet Union to contribute equally not only in North Vietnam but in South Vietnam. Granted the likelihood of success particularly in South Vietnam is slight, still, the cogency of the suggestion could very well put the Russian and the Chinese aggressors on a significant defensive, and that is worth a very great deal. We should not let the subject go in the United Nations. We should keep it alive through speeches by our diplomats around the world, at meetings of the World Bank—everywhere.

Finally, on the moral problem: ought one to help restore the economy of an aggressive nation, my feeling is that the pragmatic point is the principal one to make: Do we advance the cause of peace and stability by doing so? The business of making fine entries in the moral ledger is a very important thing to do—one which should occupy and preoccupy our philosophers. But at best the dialectic between the moral and the practical is vaguely harmonious, and in the current situation, we must proceed with stark reference to the real objective. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. South American animal — 49 208 106 90 9 185

B. What Mussolini had in addition to a balcony — 114 160 3 101 25 11 123 216 138

C. Town in Dutchess County, N.Y. — 172 44 179 50 26 220 103 91 84

D. Sea-nymphs, daughters of Tethys — 224 121 92 54 200 28 132 144

E. One who does the hard work, *fig.* — 1 32 58 60 77 102 134 156 217 173

F. A nymph of lake, fountain, or river — 29 189 199 204 53

G. Description of common sense, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory — 135 187 165 66 147 203 31 218

H. A symbol of a braggadocio — 137 96 227 163 70 62 188 153 12

I. Not the Milwaukee Braves and Cleveland Indians — 89 36 46 55 68 74 85 22 6 16

J. An old term for a house-breaker — 198 61 76 148 221 97 167 145 127

K. The amount of liquid a vessel can contain minus what it actually does contain — 99 158 184 105 181 100

L. Affected simplicity — 104 8 38 108 117 157 118 20 65 164 177 182

M. This creature (not a politician) can change its hue to that of contiguous objects — 109 129 120 5 150 159 191 146 141

N. A type of insatiable voracity — 111 143 192 202 14 119 128 130 162 2

O. Out of breath — 4 30 33 42 95

P. City in Idaho — 125 171 43 13 79

Q. Unscramble TEA GEM — 87 196 174 81 34 110

R. A name given to the Brothers of the Christian Schools — 140 98 180 124 155 161 183 186 193 197 222 225

S. Delicate things; two words describing what men get for Christmas — 151 168 47 122 82 205 154 18

T. A Greek letter — 152 112 190 209 131

U. A form of rummy — 194 201 40 207 133 223 10

V. What politicians take — 210 83 19 48

W. Intelligence that Daddy doesn't have — 214 175 126 149 169 7 69 41 212

X. What Professor Bates called the mountains in her song — 63 226 136 23 170 178 213 116 113

Y. Incorrect description of the United States Senate — 176 215 88 115 107

Z. Self-love — 72 195 15 35 166 206 211 219 139 142

x. What Thomas A. Edison was — 17 21 27 52 67 73 93 59 71

y. A ghost-word meaning a battle-trumpet — 78 24 39 51 57 64 80 86

z. Pertaining to morning prayer — 37 45 56 75 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 380 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 E	2 N	3 B		4 O	5 M	6 I	7 W	8 L	9 A	10 U	11 B	12 H		13 P	14 N	15 Z	16 I
17 x	18 S	19 V		20 L	21 x		22 I	23 X	24 y	25 B	26 C	27 x	28 D	29 F	30 O		31 G	32 E	33 O
34 Q		35 Z	36 I	37 z	38 L	39 y	40 U	41 W	42 O	43 P		44 C	45 z	46 I		47 S	48 V	49 A	50 C
51 y	52 x	53 F		54 D	55 I		56 z	57 y	58 E		59 x	60 E	61 J	62 H		63 X	64 y	65 L	66 G
67 x	68 I		69 W	70 H	71 x	72 Z		73 x	74 I	75 z	76 J	77 E	78 y		79 P	80 y	81 Q		82 S
83 V	84 C	85 I	86 y	87 Q		88 Y	89 I	90 A	91 C	92 D		93 x	94 z		95 O	96 H	97 J	98 R	99 K
100K		101B	102E	103C	104L		105K		106A	107Y	108L	109M	110Q		111N	112T	113X		114B
115Y	116X	117L		118L	119N	120M	121D	122S	123B		124R	125P		126W	127J	128N		129M	130N
131T	132D	133U		134E	135G		136X	137H	138B	139Z		140R	141M		142Z	143N	144D	145J	146M
147G		148J	149W	150M	151S		152T	153H	154S	155R	156E	157L	158K	159M	160B		161R	162N	163H
164L	165G	166Z	167J	168S	169W	170X		171P	172C	173E		174Q	175W	176Y	177L	178X	179C	180R	181K
	182L	183R		184K	185A	186R	187G	188H		189F	190T	191M	192N	193R	194U	195Z		196Q	197R
198J		199F	200D		201U	202N	203G	204F		205S	206Z		207U	208A	209T	210V	211Z	212W	
213X	214W	215Y	216B	217E	218G	219Z	220C	221J	222R		223U	224D		225R	226X	227H			

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New concept in hotel decorating calls for Milliken carpet at Galt House, Louisville's largest.

"The days of hotels with lace curtains and formality are over. What people want now is a warm, comfortable atmosphere. And that's what this hotel is going to have!"

Al Schneider, builder of the handsome new Galt House hotel overlooking Louisville's newly developed riverfront, is a man of his word. Galt House rooms have an aura of warmth and comfort, starting with colorful Milliken carpet on the floor.

Color was a major factor in the carpet choice for this extensive installation. With the exclusive Artisan-Dyed™ process, developed by Milliken Research, color penetrates deep down to the back of these deep-pile, 100% nylon shag carpets. Result: High-fashion styling in dramatic multicolor combinations is now possible and practical.

The carpets, from Milliken's "Decor East" collection, have the long-lasting quality and cleanability essential to hotel use. And they open new vistas for exciting commercial decorating. "We got the right atmosphere and the right carpet," says Mr. Schneider. V. C. Glass Co. in Louisville supplied the carpet for the Galt House installation. For information about all Milliken contract carpets, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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